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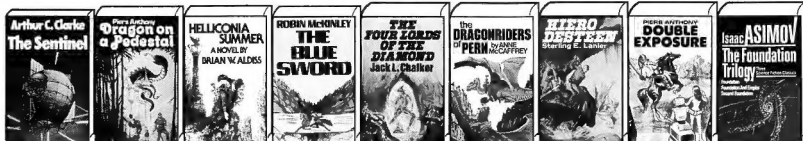
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DOSSIER

Lewis: "Purely from the viewpoint of audience pleasure, I felt we would be on safer ground dismembering nubile young ladies rather than men."

Herschell Gordon Lewis contemplates what he'll do to your body if you don't buy his videocassettes.

Photo by Charles Platt

GORE LORD

Blood Feast, 2000 Maniacs, The Gore-Gore Girls, The Gruesome Twosome. The movies are virtually unknown, their titles are ridiculous, the subject matter is nauseating—and yet these long-lost, low-budget exploitation flicks by **Herschell Gordon Lewis** refuse to die. After twenty years of obscurity, they're clawing their way back from the grave. Several have become available on video cassettes; theaters in New York and LA have been screening midnight marathons of Lewis classics; and there are serious plans to bring him back as director of an all-new multitalent extravaganza.

Lewis single-handedly pioneered gory horror with **Blood Feast** in 1963. Depicting a series of murders in which brains were scooped out, legs hacked off, and breasts baked in a pizza oven, it earned him instant notoriety as (in his words) "the guru of gore—the first director to show people dying with their eyes open."

He built a reputation also for filming his foul features on lower budgets than anyone believed possible—as little as \$25 thousand in some cases. As a result, the production values of his films were dismal; most of them look as if they were shot in a neighbor's garage, using the neighbors themselves as "actors." But this home-movie ambience creates a primitive authenticity that Hollywood can't match. To "gore hounds"—as Lewis affectionately describes his fans—his style of cheap, deranged brutality has never been surpassed. Speaking personally, I find his blood-and-guts gusto far more entertaining than anything John Carpenter, David Cronenberg,

or John Landis has directed. Not only are Lewis's movies less pretentious; there is also the sense of a sharp wit at work behind the camera.

He made his last film in 1972—ironically, just before the category that he created began to become big business. Today he lives near Fort Lauderdale, Florida, in a modern, opulent home, part of a new housing development overlooking a small lake. Walls of beige stucco are screened by lush Florida foliage. Instead of a backyard, there's a swimming pool. To complete the picture of ostentatious wealth, he owns four cars: a Rolls Royce, Cadillac, DeLorean, and Triumph Spitfire.

This plush lifestyle came not

from movies but from a direct-mail advertising consultancy business that he runs with his wife. Since the days of low-budget blood and guts, he's become an advertising expert, a frequent speaker at seminars and symposia and author of books such as *Direct Mail Copy that SELLS!*

He's a vigorous, genial man in his late fifties, with a wide grin, a fluent, educated spiel, and disarming honesty. We sat and talked in his small, modern office, cluttered with stacks of papers, a copying machine, a large electronic typewriter, and a home computer. His wife conducts business from the adjacent living room, and Lewis intermittently leaps to the phone to discuss business deals

or arrange an afternoon tennis game.

I asked him why he chose to make gore movies, and why they are experiencing such a revival.

"Well, what once was unacceptable is now acceptable. Although," he chuckles, "I wouldn't want to be considered like the fellow who invented Preparation H. Visualize, if you will, the motion picture industry twenty years ago. The theaters were besieged by major-company product. How could I convince them to set aside a week's playing time for my pictures? Well, I could give them better terms: a sliding scale from twenty-five to fifty percent, instead of demanding a ninety/ten split in my favor on



Lewis: "After you've made a couple of gore films, I can tell you, you don't fear failure anymore."



Courtesy Michael Weldon, *The Psychotronic Encyclopedia of Film*.

the first couple of weeks. So they figured to themselves, in their warped, weaselly little minds, 'If I play this fellow's film to a half-filled house, and I keep sixty percent of the gross, I am far better off than playing to a filled house where I keep only ten percent of the gross.' So economics worked in favor of the low-budget producer.

"But what could I make, and be sure of promoting successfully, on a low budget? Remember, in this business, I had no recourse; it was my own money, so if I went over budget, or the movie was a flop, I was out of the ballgame. I couldn't afford high-caliber actors; I had, let's say, Joe Glutz in the starring role, and Joe Glutz is an actor I found under a rock. So if I tried to compete in established Hollywood areas, my chances of success were slim. But no one was doing gore. In gore, I could be beyond competition. In fact I had the only crap game in town, for sometime."

Didn't he ever make enough from exploitation movies to risk doing something a little more serious and ambitious?

"I would offer to you, Sir, that that is a conversational ploy of a type that we all indulge ourselves in. 'One of these days I'm going to write a fine poem,' says the writer of schlock fiction. 'One of these days I'm going to paint a great work of art,' says the illustrator for *Heavy Metal* magazine. This is merely a justification for one's own existence. In any case, I have not seen many films that combine absolute artistic integrity with the return of the monies spent on the film. I don't see any relationship at all between artistic integrity and what somebody else will want to go to see. And personally, I don't find 'artistic' films very entertaining.

"I made almost no films that I didn't regard as satires. When the public didn't view them that

way, that merely made them more of a satire—the ultimate satire. They were fun. I pity those who view the film industry as a deadly serious business, because not only have they lost their sense of humor, they fear failure. Well... after you've made a couple of gore films, I can tell you, you don't fear failure anymore."

But not everyone saw the "fun" in watching a woman's nipples being cut off, to take one example. There have been various attempts to ban Lewis's movies. Mostly, he has benefited from the resulting publicity.

"My films had no impact whatsoever in Great Britain—until the government recently started to make them controversial by enacting legislation preventing depiction of excessive violence, at which point they became a cause celebre. An 'in' thing, it might even be called 'gore chic.'"

"Over the years, there were a number of organized campaigns against us, mostly run by people who had never seen the films. There is no power in this world harder to turn off, and more difficult to deal with, than dogmatic morality. Usually, those who feel this way try to proselytize those on the level below them; and this makes them 'fearless leaders.'"

"I originally came from the world of academia—I taught English literature and the humanities. I left because I had a very good business offer; I went into advertising, and then films, but I retained an academic's outlook, which is that I do not think it is right to try to stifle other people's expressions—regardless of how ridiculous or repulsive those expressions might be.

"We received the criticism that had been levelled for years against comic books: that by suggesting the existence of corruption, one will contribute to it. So if someone sees the



"They told me handling toads would give you warts, so I went into the snake business instead."

Courtesy Michael Weldon, *The Psychotronic Encyclopedia of Film*.

scene in *Blood Feast* in which the lunatic reaches into the girl's mouth and pulls out her tongue, post hoc, ergo propter hoc: he goes out, grabs the first girl he can find, and pulls out her tongue. Now, the fact is, that does not happen. Actually, according to Aristotle, good drama—and I'm not necessarily qualifying mine as such—contributes to a catharsis of the emotions which in fact may blunt that urge, just as pornography may blunt the urge to rape, it provides another outlet altogether.

"We all live to some extent in a world of fantasy that we create. But only a fringe group permits fantasy to dictate everyday actions, and such a group is not going to be affected by a motion picture." He grins. "Certainly not by one as ridiculous as the ones I made!"



He even goes so far as to suggest that his pictures have moral integrity.

"We never suggested victory on the part of the perpetrator. In *Blood Feast*, the maniac is ground up into hamburger. In *The Gore-Gore Girls*, we had absolute parody, and the woman who is causing the crimes falls under the wheels of a car and her head is squashed. In *The Gruesome Twosome*, the strange creature has his eye poked out with a hat pin. So it's not as though these people escaped triumphant, with gore and entrails dripping behind them. These are morality stories, if you will."

But why were most of his atrociously victimized female?

"I felt that most of the people in the theater would be men; although, of course, they might drag women along with them. It is basic psychology, and in a sense I objected to it, but I do accept that on some levels men are aggressive and women want to nest. This has nothing to do with business positions; my wife is my business partner, and in fact actually runs things—I am the hired lackey. But purely from the

CREEPING CRAWLING FLESH-EATING MAGGOTS



Courtesy: Michael Welden, *The Psychomantic Encyclopedia of Film*

viewpoint of audience pleasure, I felt we would be on safer ground dismembering nubile young ladies rather than men.

"A young chap in California named Jimmy Maslon has sent me a script for a possible new project. One of the things I'm uncomfortable about is that he has men being dismembered. Somebody is hit with a shovel and his eyeballs pop out. That is *mindless* violence, as opposed to the *exquisite* violence of defiling a female body.

"If we had lapsed into mindless violence visited upon anyone regardless of sex, or if we'd showed mass gore—extensive violence as opposed to intensive violence—we would not have had the success we had. I don't need battlefields lined with bodies; to me, that is almost dispassionate, an intellectual kind of shot. But if you show a tight shot of someone's midsection that's ripped open, and the guts get ripped out—that shot is, to say the least, *visceral*." He pauses. "That was meant to be funny," he adds, to make sure that I understood the pun.

I ask if he has any definite plans for a new movie.

"My hopes and dreams were always to live the way I'm living now. So, even though it was a most rocky and roundabout road, it led to the right destination—not as the crow flies, more as the vulture flies. I have now achieved a very strong position in the business of direct-mail advertising. I'm called on, at an enormous amount of money, to make speeches and give seminars, so obviously those in the business feel I know what I'm talking about. I have major-company clients, and I work as hard as I want to work. With that kind of position, if I make another film, or if I don't—so what? It's not a matter of economic necessity; nor is it a matter of emotional necessity, which it is with some people

who've made a bunch of flops and have to do one more film in order to maintain their own psychological position.

"At the same time, I'm becoming convinced that there *will* be another film, simply because the rebirth of my work hasn't begun to fade—if anything, it's intensifying.

"There were two things I knew that, if I lived long enough, I would see. One is a book written by somebody else about me, and that has happened." (He's referring to *The Amazing Herschell Gordon Lewis*, a large illustrated paperback co-written by Daniel Krogh, who used to work on Lewis's films.) "The other thing was that I would drive up to the Fontainebleau Hotel, and the little man with the bow tie who parks the cars would say, 'That's all right, Sir, just leave it right here.' And that has happened, too. I drove up in my right-hand-drive Rolls Royce, and they left the car just where I stopped it.

"So my life is now complete, with one exception. An effect that we should have done in *The Wizard of Gore*. The scene was to have been, and *will* be, the literal tearing apart of someone from outside in. I plan to get a goat carcass, which most closely resembles the human form. I'll give it shape with mortician's wax, so that it will positively look like a human body. I'll insert pockets of stage blood toward the front, to make certain there is blood from the very beginning. The camera will be tight on it, which you can do, because mortician's wax looks like flesh—when someone dies horribly, they use that wax for reconstruction.

"Then we will see hands come down and begin to just rip the flesh apart. As they do, the pockets of wax will be masked by the blood gushing, which it will do, because at the very least I'll have a blood ves-

sel, or what appears to be a blood vessel but is really a tube filled with stage blood, and a guy standing off camera blowing into it.

"And as the hands actually get into the viscera, then I'm home free, because guts is guts, and we'll make certain that, even though the carcass may be somewhat desiccated, it will have nice fresh stage blood in it, along with the cranberry sauce and the other makin's—which give us, to use a generic word, *glap*.

"And when the thing has been simply ripped apart, and you can see there really is bone and gristle in there, and it's not fake, I can guarantee you there won't be a dry pair of pants in the audience.

"Now, compare that with having a whole bunch of people wiped out, even if their heads are blown off. They become merely 'those people.' As I said before, it's all a matter of *intensive* gore, which I firmly recommend as opposed to *extensive* gore."

I ask what the title of the new

movie might be. *5000 Maniacs*, perhaps?

"You think you're joking? The original title of *2000 Maniacs* was to have been *5000 Maniacs*. Then I looked at the little town of St. Cloud, where we were to film it, using all of the residents as extras. And I said, we'll have to make it 2000. There aren't enough people to justify 5000.

"But Jimmy Maslon, who owns the rights to *Blood Feast*, wants to call the new one *Blood Feast II*." He raises an eyebrow. "Clever title, don't you think? The script will be his and the plot line will be his. One way we might work together is if he shoots the basic film out in California, and I'll shoot the gore down here. He wants my name, I'm sure, for exploitation value; I'm not so blind that I think the film can't be made without me. But for the gore hounds and those who recognize my position in history, it's like redoing the Civil War without General Lee. So—the South's gonna rise again!"

—Charles Platt

GORE GOSPEL

The publication of **Daniel Krogh** and **John McCarty's** *The Amazing Herschell Gordon Lewis* (FantaCo) is well-timed. Many of Lewis's relentlessly cheap and gory horror films are now being rediscovered on videotape, and, with this book, the Renaissance hits full speed. A true hack-of-all-trades, Lewis made thirty-seven movies—directing, writing, scoring, editing, sometimes acting in, and always shooting them personally (in "Skinemascop" or "Blood Color," as the material demanded). His only distinction as a filmmaker was that he finished everything on time and under budget. Lewis admits it, McCarty admits it, but

Lewis's assistant cameraman on six features—can't, and his assessment of Lewis's career reads like a gesture of blind loyalty.

In his claims for Lewis's genius, Krogh conveniently forgets that gore has been a cinematic reality since the days of *Intolerance* and *Un Chien Andalou*, and that George Franju introduced graphic bloodshed to horror films, four years before Lewis's *Blood Feast*, in *Les Yeux Sans Visage*. He goes on to compare *Two Thousand Maniacs!* to *Brigadoon*, *The Wizard of Gore* to *Pirandello*, one of the gorier stills to Jackson Pollack's art, and observes that *She-Devils on Wheels* "prefigures the

cynicism of the post-Watergate era." McCarthy's introduction states that *The Amazing HGL* isn't intended as a work of criticism. Obviously not.

This wouldn't be a problem, were the writing skillful enough to persuade the reader, but Krogh's is a rambling, letter-from-home style. Facts change from chapter to chapter; Lewis's forward reveals that he never wrote beyond a fourteen-page outline, yet Krogh praises *Two Thousand Maniacs*'s "literate script." Lewis's favorite foods (fried chicken, Orange Julius, and frozen custard), hardly of riveting concern, are divulged twice, and much of the Lewis interview material that closes the book is factually integrated into preceding chapters.

Krogh's involvement with Lewis lasted from 1968 to 1972, so the later chapters are understandably the best, and are often touchingly (because so futilely) tinged with his dogged attempts to do his boss up proud, to elevate him to an historical importance that might make the hack work they did together seem pioneering. Because he leans on first person, Krogh's early chapters (which cover the really famous stuff, like *Blood Feast*) contrastingly suffer from too much generaliza-

ing, too little insight: The book's peak is its fascinating coverage of Lewis's nude product, much of which is forever lost and sounds intriguing. We are also treated to rare stills, hilarious pressbook extracts (like a comic-strip summary of 1963's sizzler *Scum of the Earth*), and other prime examples of exploitative advertising. (A master publicist, Lewis once promoted a film he detested with complete candor: "You've never seen a picture like this—thank goodness!") Another highlight is Krogh's unintentionally funny still captions: "Note the brains oozing from her ear," or "Note his severed head, lower right!" —AS IF WE NEEDED HELP! The most unsettling still in the lot shows Lewis today, behind the wheel of his beloved DeLorean.

For gore-mands, *The Amazing HGL* is essential stiring. (Sadly, the essential reading on the subject remains the mind-boggling interview in *Fangoria* #4, in which Lewis says things like: "She didn't have any brains to be ripped out, so we had to fake it.") That tone of voice would've benefited this book immeasurably.

—Timothy R. Lucas

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BLOOD SPORT

America is full of horror film addicts. Weaned on *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, local TV horror hosts like Zacherie and Vampira (Gregor was the resident ghoul where I grew up in Nebraska), and the endless stream of Hollywood scare fare, we now have a new bible: *The Psychotronic Encyclopedia of Film* (Ballantine). Author Michael Weldon reviews about 3,500 movies, covering not just monster movies, but biker epics, film noir, comedies, rock'n'rollers, and various other exploitation genres.

The book evolved out of *Psychotronics*, a weekly xeroxed mag Michael published from June of 1980 through July of 1981 as a guide to movies on New York-area TV. Early subscriber and enthusiastic supporter Christopher Cerf (son of Bennett) helped Weldon land a publishing deal.

The resulting *Psychotronic Encyclopedia* is an invaluable resource for those interested in this long-ignored body of film history. Aside from the informative and humorous reviews, each entry includes these vital statistics: studio, year of release, producer, director, screenwriter, cast, soundtrack LP avail-

ability, and numerous obscure informational tidbits. (Did you know that Margaret Hamilton was only twenty when she played the Wicked Witch in *The Wizard of Oz*? Or that "M*A*S*H" is Jamie Farr—then Jamal—was a student in *Blackboard Jungle*?) Also featured is a mind-boggling collection of over 800 illustrations. Not content with reproducing the standard publicity stills, Weldon spent hours pouring through UPI files for rare shots which he reproduced with the original hype-filled captions. He also unearthed a healthy number of classic ad posters—"No escape from the violence of their own deprived sex... *Violent Women*."

Michael Weldon's East Village apartment reflects an atmosphere conducive to the study of Psychotronic films: files overflowing with movie ads and stills, stacks of monster magazines, pressbooks, LPs, and walls plastered with movie memorabilia. I visited Michael recently and asked him a few questions about his anal referential opus.

—Dale Ashmun

HM: Why did you start *Psychotronic* magazine?

MW: I'd always been dissatis-

fied with the movie listings in *TV Guide* and newspapers—I wanted to offer alternative information and opinions on a weekly basis. I always found that when I looked up a movie in *TV Guide* or the newspaper listings, the review was either snide or undetailed. I couldn't get an idea of whether I wanted to watch it or not.

HM: Who thought up the name?

MW: I thought I made it up. Then I remembered that I had seen an ad for *The Psychotronic Man*. It was a movie about a murderous, psychic barber. I never did see it. I still think it's a great word which denotes a lot of what I wanted to cover.

HM: What was the first "Psychotronic"-type movie you saw?

MW: The earliest movie I remember seeing in a theater that really made an impression on me—and I saw it when it was new, so I was very young—was *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad*. It gave me nightmares... certain scenes still stick in my mind very strongly. I mean, it had the Cyclops, the dragon, the living skeletons, and all that stuff—but one scene that really disturbed me was when a magician put a woman in a big vase with a snake, and she came out as a snake-woman, did a wild dance, and then strangled herself.

HM: And that hooked you?

MW: Yeah. As I said, it gave me nightmares, but I loved being scared to death. I love movies that can scare me.

HM: Who are some of your favorite directors?

MW: My all-time favorite director is Luis Buñuel, but he's not in the book at all. I almost felt like it would be insulting to put him in. Besides Buñuel, two directors I find most consistently interesting are Fritz Lang and Alfred Hitchcock. For newer directors, I love Martin Scorsese and Francis Ford Coppola. They both started out making exploitation movies—Coppola actually did several nudes, one in 3-D and one called *The Playgirls* and the *Bellboy*! They're in the book. He made a Psychotronic movie for Roger Corman called *Dementia 13*, which is wonderful. Scorsese was the original director for *The Honey-moon Killers*—but he was fired, so I don't know how much he had to do with developing that movie, but it's a great one. He did *Boxcar Bertha* for AIP with David Carradine and Barbara Hershey. I don't think there are that many good directors who make more than a couple of great movies. I mean, I'll watch anything by Ed Wood, Jr., but for very different reasons. I've gotten to like David Cronenberg

more and more, especially after seeing *The Dead Zone*. There's one of his movies I've never seen that I would really love to, called *They Came from Within*.

HM: What other movies are you really dying to see?

MW: It's almost embarrassing to admit I haven't seen this one, but *Tobe Hooper's Eaten Alive*—which was his follow-up to *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. It's played under about a half-dozen different titles—*Starlight Slaughter*, *Slaughter Hotel*, *Deathtrap*, and *Horror Hotel Massacre*—and I've managed to miss every one. It's going to be re-released as *The Legend of the Bayou*, so I'll finally get to see it.

HM: If you had a four-year-old child, would you let him/her watch any movie in this book?

MW: I think if a kid is going to watch certain movies, somebody should explain what's going on—either that it's not real, or these things happen but it's something to be avoided. Unfortunately, people don't do that enough.



SON OF CULT MOVIES

The problem with following a class act like **Danny Peary's** *Cult Movies* (1982) is the difficulty of finding a second bunch of cult films that are as worthy of writing about as the first. **Cult Movies 2** (Dell) tries hard, with in-depth essays on fifty more

DOUBLE DOSE
OF SHOCK!

A Blood-dripping
Brain Transplant
turns a Maniac
into a Monster...



STARRING
KENT TAYLOR
GRANT WILLIAMS
RED HADLEY
REGINA CAROL

HACKER HALL OF FAME

"cult" films, but author Peary is guilty of including a dozen or so examples which have about as much in common with true cult films as "Masterpiece Theater" has with "The A Team."

What are movies such as *Wuthering Heights*, *My Darling Clementine*, *His Girl Friday*, *Sullivan's Travels*, and *To Be Or Not To Be* doing in this book in the first place? Or *White Heat*, *The Seventh Seal*, *Last Tango in Paris*, and *Some Like It Hot*? All of these became accepted as standards long ago—mainstream classics that remain just that, regardless of how often they appear in revival houses. Only the greenest of filmgoers would be enlightened by discussions of such familiar fare. By stretching the definition of cultism so thin, Peary is making a case for literally every movie ever made to be covered here. [Cult Movies #128? Yikes!]

More appropriately, we also find *High School Confidential*, *Mommie Dearest*, *Massacre at Central High*, *Dark Star*, *Altered States*, *Ms. 45*, *Basket Case*, and *Zardoz* under discussion—and, with a few exceptions, the essays are provocative and fresh. Still, Peary does put himself in the embarrassing position of arguing cases that were dead and buried years ago, or worse, didn't matter in the first place—as when he takes issue with Vincent Canby that Louis Malle's *Pretty Baby* is a masterpiece, Vincent Canby? Who cares?? And if Peary feels that Claudia Jennings's *The Great Texas Dynamite Chase* is one of her weaker vehicles, why not discuss one of the ones he admits preferring—such as *Unholy Rollers* or *Moonshine County Express*? Knocking down straw men is unworthy of Peary's talent—particularly in a book that covers *The Wicker Man*. There are plenty more celluloid epics out there that deserve inclusion in a *Cult Movies 3*; one hopes that Peary exercises better judgment in selecting them than he did for #2.

—Mike Barson

Horror films—whether good, bad, or indifferent—are rapidly becoming a principle of contemporary *chic*; referents to horror cinema in everything from best-selling novels to music-video are considerable, almost running neck-and-neck with romance itself. It's tragic that the Medved brothers' Golden Turkey awards have conditioned so many to idolize brainless trash, when one realizes how much low-budgeted brilliance has gone unrecognized. What follows is an attempt to compile a list of masterful but underappreciated horror film directors, followed by a selective video-graphy of their available works.

Oliver Stone, Oscar-winning screenwriter of *Midnight Express* and *Scarface*, also directed two notable horror films: *Seizure* (1974) and *The Hand* (1979). In *Seizure*, a children's author, convalescing from a coronary, is trapped in a cyclical nightmare in which he, his family, and friends are trapped, tortured, and tested by a trio of his fictional characters. The danger, of course, is that the dream can kill him. The film was released by Cinerama shortly before that distributor folded, and is now all but impossible to see—a real loss, considering that it starred Jonathan Frid ("Dark Shadows"), Mary Woronov, Troy Donahue, and Herve Villechazal "as The Spider." *The Hand*'s significance lies mostly in its stark reiteration of *Seizure*'s themes, as a cartoonist (Michael Caine) loses his drawing hand—hence his sense of usefulness—in a car accident, and finds it crawling back to strangle the objects of his increasing impotence and hostility. Or is he, like *Seizure*'s debilitated character, merely imagining these lives

endangered, to regain himself? I suspect Stone will return to directing, though I doubt he'll linger in the genre. Had his career gone differently, Stone's ferocious and obsessive creative personality could've made him the Louis-Ferdinand Celine of horror films. (He may be, anyway.)

Jeff Lieberman is probably the most unsung of today's major horror directors. He tends to author his own scripts, but has also written for other directors (Marvin Chomsky's 1980 TV-terror *Dr. Franken*). His first film, *Squirm* (1974), contains tremendous makeup effects by Rick Baker, including a shot of worms excitedly wriggling into and under the skin of a man's face. His next, *Blue Sunshine* (1976), is paranoid and sociological terror at its best: a group of responsible adults becomes a hairless, homicidal horde as a result of a special strain of LSD they used during their less-responsible college days. The film has such an epic sweep, is fraught with such color and detail and excitement that, when it ends, it feels scarcely begun. Sadly, Hollywood never begged Lieberman for *Blue Sunshine II*. He was last seen directing *Just Before Dawn* (1980), a rip-off of Wes Craven's *The Hills Have Eyes* that proved more frightening, well-crafted, and perceptive than its inspiration.

The late **Marlo Bava** belongs to an earlier generation of filmmakers, and to Italy, but his vividly psychological and atmospheric view of the genre remains unequalled, four years after his death. His personal timidity kept him from ever fully expressing the breadth of his talent (He was traumatized as a boy, when his father reprimanded him for signing a drawing, because "only Mi-

chelangelo" produced art worthy of a signature), but it was always noticeable in the haunting movies that lurked behind such misleading titles as *Twitch of the Death Nerve*, *Kill Baby Kill*, and *Hatchet for the Honeymoon*. Three of Bava's most original concepts were released here in the guise of rip-offs: *Last House on the Left*, *Part Two, The House of Exorcism*, and *Beyond the Door II*. On top of all this, Bava's work was ripped off by none other than Fellini, who, in his "Toby Dammit" short (1969), depicted Satan as a ghostly, ball-bouncing girl. Bava had filmed her in 1966. Fellini's imagination, of course, was widely applauded...

Dario Argento, also Italian, and fortunately for him, the son of a wealthy producer, started making films that were apings of Bava's *The Evil Eye*—like *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* (1970)—but having followed this lead to near-hallucinogenic extremes, has become quite an accomplished stylist. His *Deep Red* (1977) and *Suspiria* (1978) are masterpieces. Though Twentieth Century-Fox made a fortune off *Suspiria*, they were so embarrassed by it that they've passed on his two latest pictures, *Inferno* and *Tenebre* (both experimental murder thrillers in which there are, respectively, no murderer and no *modus operandi*). Both Brian DePalma and John Carpenter owe quite a bit to him.

Lastly, there's the late, great **William Castle** (eulogized by John Waters in a recent *American Film*). Castle never wanted to be frightening or terrifying, just spooky in the most wonderful way. Even without his fabled theatrical gimmicks—like electrically shocking the butts of his audiences—such movies as *Homicidal*, *House on Haunted Hill*, *I Saw What You Did*, and *The Tingler* can be enjoyed on TV for their amusing tongue-in-cheek attitudes and suavely ghoulish atmospheres.

—Timothy R. Lucas

Oliver Stone: *The Hand* (Warner Home Video). Jeff Lieberman: *Squirm* (Vestron Video). Marlo Bava: *The House of Exorcism* (Caveat Empor). Bava was so displeased by this producer-ruined version that it carries the pseudonym "Mickey Lion" and *Beyond the Door II* (Media Home Entertainment). Dario Argento: *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* and *Deep Red—The Hatchet Murders* (VCI Home Video and Thorn-Em, respectively). William Castle: *Straightjacket* (Columbia) and *House on Haunted Hill* (Allied Artists).

NA HOLLYWOOD

Don Bluth loves a good cartoon.

So much so, in fact, that the soft-spoken artist has earned himself the reputation of being an animation rebel first-class. It all started back in 1979 when Bluth and eleven fellow animators walked off the Disney lot in the middle of *The Fox and The Hound* over creative differences.

They founded Don Bluth Animation, turned out a TV special ***Banjo the Woodpile Cat*** done in old-fashioned, painstaking, cel animation style and then ran head-first into feature film disaster, releasing the critically acclaimed but financially unfulfilling ***The Secret of NIMH***.

Undaunted, Bluth went back to the drawing board, literally, creating a short animated film that would be the basis of the first laser-disc arcade game, ***Dragon's Lair***. The game was a smash. Bluth has just turned out a second, more sophisticated animated game, ***Space Ace*** and, now—surprise—is getting ready to go back to feature-length animation with a full length version of *Dragon's Lair*.

"I don't consider myself a rebel," Bluth smiles in his California headquarters. "I'm an artist. And, all I know is that dealing with management makes me nuts. Management is generally mindless. Whenever there are mavericks—or artists or whatever you want to call them—and they don't fit into the mold, management tries twice as hard to force them into it. The more it tries, the worse it gets.

"I was at Disney when Walt was there. He knew how to make an animated film. Afterwards, the studio wanted things to be predictable. Art is not predictable. Once you try to make it predictable, you kill the art. That's the way I felt over there for nine years. I kept on going, thinking, 'Well, this is Disney. It'll be just like the old days again someday.' Eventually, I found out that it would never change. It was bound by its own red tape.

"When I left, I knew I didn't want to leave animation and sell shoes. So, I decided to do what I do best . . . I wanted to return to the traditional values of animation. Let people know that there was other animation outside of Saturday morning kidvid. Those cartoons are nothing more than billboards for spin-off products."

Bluth is dedicated to the cause of what he refers to as "classical animation."

"It's a style that hides the artist, the brushstrokes," he explains, "a style that's most con-

ducive to storytelling. When you deal in classical animation you don't want the audience to realize that this is a craft or a technique. You want the audience to be lost in the magic of the moment.

"For me, the flame that burns in me about animation has a lot to do with my childhood. Animation, when executed properly—like in *Bambi*, *Snow White*, and *Pinnocchio*—is terrific to look at. But, beyond that, it seems to make a mark on your brain that you never quite get over. You carry those images around in your head your whole life long.

"I'm not here to paint a picture. I'm here to hold up a mirror. You should be able to watch those little characters running around on the screen and see things that remind you of yourself. There's something about animation that can cause real emotional growth. You know, Joe the Plumber can be watching a movie and laughing or crying and saying, 'Yeah. I like that guy. I know what he's going through.' And, only later, do you realize that the 'guy' he's talking about is *Bambi*. Good animation has a way of going directly to the heart."

After serving an apprenticeship in various Hollywood animation factories, Bluth took his

love of classical animation to Disney studios in the 1970s, leaving after realizing that, even at Disney, classical animation wasn't prospering. "Very few animation producers ever get beyond the stage of 'look how colorful this is' or 'look at how great the characters look.' They never delve into an emotional storyline that makes it real theater."

And, so, Bluth embarked on his own. His first full-length feature, *The Secret of NIMH* was released in 1982. "It was a UA film, but UA merged with MGM and we just got lost. It got good reviews but no one knew it existed. It was pretty depressing. It hurt us a great deal, financially as well as professionally. You know, everyone said, 'Ha, ha. You don't know how to make a good one either.'"

"Then I noticed that the video cassette sales started taking off. People were buying *NIMH* and taking it into their homes. There are something like 30,000 cassettes that have been sold in a year and a half, not rented. That told me there was still a classical animation audience out there. It's waiting to be re-established. Unfortunately, it takes more than one movie to re-establish it and, unfortunately, we didn't have the money to do a second or

third film."

At this point, a deal dropped into Bluth's lap that was irresistible. "It was one of those things that your guardian angel sends to you," he smiles. A gamesman named Rick Dyer was trying to create the first interactive laser-disc arcade game, a game wherein the player would be able to change the story at certain points and branch out into various subplots. Some subplots would end in victory, others in disaster.

A second partner was ready to manufacture the games if Bluth would do the animation. Bluth would become a full-fledged partner, too. All he had to do was crank out the animation for free.

And so, *Dragon's Lair* was born. "It was a dinghy to a sinking ship," laughs Bluth. "We didn't have the money to do another movie. We didn't even have the money to do the game!"

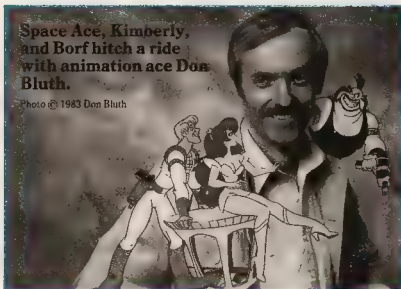
Eventually, Bluth found an investor who'd cough up \$300 thousand for an initial five minutes of animation. The prototype game was unveiled and Bluth received another \$1 million for home rights to continue the cartoon adventure.

"We put \$2 million into it and we've grossed \$32 million so far," he beams. "What excites me, more than the money, is the fact that the people playing this in the arcade are mostly teenaged guys. Those are the kids that, according to statistics, aren't supposed to like cartoons. Cartoons are for children, right? But teenagers like the detail of this animation. The fact that they can get involved."

"With *Space Ace* we've taken the laser technology even further. There's more random access. We created *Space Ace* for teenagers. *Ace* is the ultimate science-fiction hero. So, we then tried to figure what the biggest threats were we could throw his way. We have him being shot with an Infanto Ray. He's turned into a weak kid.

"Along comes a villain and steals his girl friend. Now, he has to both regain his manhood and rescue his girl. Those are pretty threatening situations. There's a lot more dialogue in *Space Ace* than in *Dragon's Lair*. More music, too. The music gives you a certain rhythm when you play. In fact, it's counterpoint to the rhythm of the action. If you get into the dialogue and the music, you'll probably screw up your playing more."

The success of *Dragon's Lair* and *Space Ace* as games is allowing Bluth to continue his attempts to spark a renaissance in classical animation.



An animator at the Don Bluth Studios draws *Space Ace*.

Photo © 1983 Don Bluth



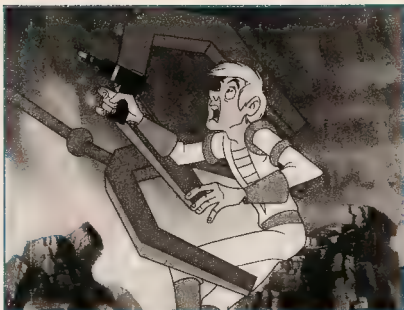
There will be a *Dragon's Lair* sequel game, a TV series and—*ta-da-da*—a full-length animated feature.

"We're working on the *Dragon's Lair* script now," he says. "I think we really have a good shot with the movie version. If the *Dragon's Lair* name appears on a movie marquee, kids won't be threatened by it. They won't feel shy about going into the theater. Seeing *Snow White* might embarrass them, but *Dragon's Lair* is already theirs."

"We figure we can fashion a really good *Dragon's Lair* movie. We're pulling out all the stops. We're going to give them everything they want to see. Answer all their questions about our hero, Dirk, and his background. At the same time, we're not going to aim the subject matter at the nursery level. We're going to aim up."

"I think the later Disney films have turned animated movies into baby-sitters. They're films you drop your kids off to see while you go shopping. We don't want to do that. We're interested in trying to reestablish animation as an art form, creating subject matter which will appeal to the adult brain."

Bluth readily admits that turning *Dragon's Lair* into a feature flick is a big gamble. "Economically," he says, "there is no good reason to go into classical animation today. In the last



fifteen years there have been something like thirty-two non-Disney animated films made. Four have made money.

"But you can always spot why they fail. People don't pay attention to story. Or they say they want to be just like Walt Disney. Well, you can't. You have to be different. Or look at Ralph Bakshi. He's a wonderful man, but most of his movies have appealed to the dark side of things. I think the majority of people want to see movies that are uplifting. Remember those old Frank Capra movies? You keep on going back to see them again and again. People want to believe that life is worthwhile."

Bluth: "I think the later Disney films have turned animated movies into baby-sitters."

"Oh no! Another kid with a roll of quarters!"

Photo © 1983 Don Bluth

"I think, with animation, you have a wonderful chance to reach people. Visuals appeal directly to the emotions. I remember seeing *Bambi* with my parents and just being shattered when *Bambi's* mother died. I was sitting next to my mother with tears running down my face.

"I arrived at the thicket with *Bambi*, as *Bambi*, saying, 'We made it mother.' I knew she hadn't made it. The audience knew. And then this stag appears and says 'She can't be with you anymore. Man has taken her away. You must be brave.' That has stayed with me my whole life. I knew, then, that someday, when my mother

passed away, I would see this scene flash by. All the words were placed in my head."

Bluth shakes his head, grinning. "That's not drawing. That's certainly not a drawing of just a deer. That's something more. That's emotional growth. And that is what classical animation is all about. It can illuminate people's lives."

He pauses before adding, "Saturday morning stuff doesn't come near it."

Tinseltown's most casual animation maverick smiles to punctuate this last remark. Don Bluth takes his cartoons seriously . . . and that could make for fun in years to come.

—Ed Naha

THE METAL PROJECTOR

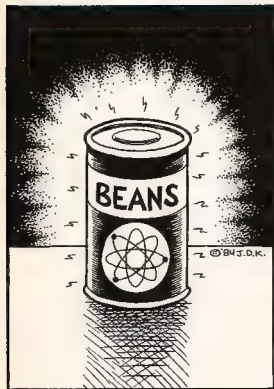
A NASA-sized cast and crew have descended on the largest soundstage in the world to bring *2010: Odyssey Two*, the best-seller and long-awaited sequel to *2001: A Space Odyssey*, to theaters this Christmas. Closing the fourteen-time-zone communication gap between his Sri Lanka home and the Culver City, CA, *2010* set, author **Arthur C. Clarke** is conversing with director **Peter Hyams** (*Outland*) with a home computer phone link. **John Lithgow**, who couldn't even cope with a commuter flight to the *Twilight Zone*, joins **Roy Scheider** (*Blue Thunder*) in the search for HAL, the famous *2001* computer, somewhere around Jupiter. Between **David Lynch's Dune**, the CBS mini-series of Michener's *Space*, and *2010* (with *Star Wars/Raiders/Polltergeist/Jedi* special effects pro Richard Edlund) you'll see enough lasers and spacecraft to turn your neighborhood into *The Day After*. At least *Dune* has a fan club: Box 699, Hollywood, CA 90078 . . . *Dune* production designer **Chris Tucker** (*Quest for Fire*, *Elephant Man*) goes immediately to **The Company of Wolves**, the story of a young girl who visits a forest where people are transformed into wolves. **Neil Jordan** (*Angel*) is directing an "intelligent" special effects movie, but I can't wait to see the stretching plastic . . . Director **Walter Hill**, with *Streets of Fire* on the way, is busy putting together a movie of **"Dick Tracy"** (once rumored to star Warren Beatty) and a remake of **The Magnificent Seven** . . . Likewise, **Tobe Hooper**, who, with *Space Vampires* barely out of the coffin, will direct an *Invaders from Mars* remake by **Dan O'Bannon** . . . **Dudley Moore** develops the ultimate World War III weapon with **Eddie Murphy** in *The Best Defense*, which also stars **Kate Capshaw** (upcoming *Raiders* sequel). Moore then plays chief elf in *Santa*, Alexander and Ilya Salkind's newest comic-movie since the *Supermans*. With a budget of \$50 million, *Santa's* gonna have lotsa reindeer . . . As scarce as an autographed *Hamlet* for nearly twenty years, *The T.A.M.I. Show* (get this—Teen Age Music International) will finally hit your local popcorn stand this summer. The T.A.M.I. Show gathered the top 1964 acts at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium for two nights; the 1984 release is retitled *That Was*

Rock. That is dumb. If you can tear yourself away from your MTV, you'll see thirteen biggies (as diverse as the **Stones**, **Leslie Gore**, **Chuck Berry**, the **Beach Boys**, the **Supremes**, and on and on) perform in remixed digital sound. Watch closely and you'll also see pre-Mickey **Toni Basil** choreography and **Teri Garr** (Dreyfuss's wife in *Close Encounters* and Hoffman's girlfriend in *Tootsie*) go-golging her little heart out . . . *Blade Runner's* glamour-android **Rutger Hauer**, still hunting for the strangest script in history, is in Spain shooting *Flesh and Blood*, the story of "fantasy, realism, sensuality, courtship, warfare"—all in the 16th century. If you say so . . . Old friends/enemies **Francis Ford Coppola** and **George Lucas** will bury the hatchet—or hark karl knife, as it were—when they co-produce *Mishima*, the film biography of writer **Yukio Mishima**. Directed by **Paul Schrader** (*Taxi Driver* co-writer, *Cat People*), the movie will, in fact, be done entirely in Japanese . . . Also in Japan: the **D. A. Pennebaker/David Bowie Ziggy Stardust** movie, which plummeted into invisibility here, is enjoying an enthusiastic reception . . . Just when you thought it was safe to trust a movie column: In the never-ending effort to keep us all on Excedrin, the name of the *Conan* sequel has been changed from *Conan: King of Thieves* (as reported last month) to *Conan the Destroyer*. We're destroyed . . . **Dennis Quaid** (*The Right Stuff's* Gordie Cooper) will again be catapulted into the outer limits in *Enemy Mine*, a futuristic warfare story directed by **Richard Loncraine** (*Brimstone and Treacle*). In the \$18 million production, Quaid crash lands on a desolate planet where the only other life form is a creature called "the Drac" (**Lou Gossett** in heavy makeup), a longtime enemy of planet Earth. Will they fight to the death, or cooperate for survival's sake? . . .

Ridley Scott's \$11 million fantasy *Legend* is finally before the cameras after a pre-production period of nearly two years . . . **John Sayles** is completing screenplays to best-selling neanderthal novels *Clan of the Cave Bear* and *Valley of the Horses* . . . If you've got the stomach, *Porky's Revenge*, the third (and hopefully last) episode in the pud-pounding series, is coming . . .

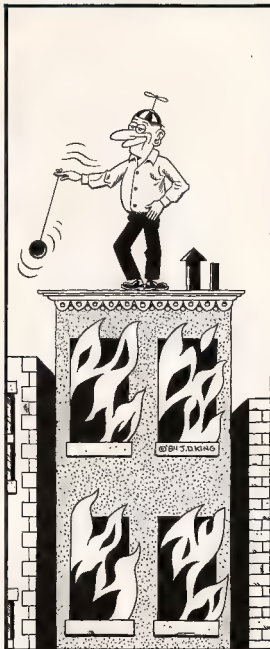
—Steven Maloff and Ed Naha

CRYPTICA



Windbreakers • Ah, the heartbreak of flatulence. Are you afraid to eat beans because the resulting gases that issue from your nether regions are so toxic, that Iraqis want to use you to quell the next Iranian offensive? Assuming you're tired of unilaterally violating the Geneva Convention chemical warfare accords, but you're still addicted to beans, there may be hope in new experiments under way in India. Beans contain certain chemical sugars that the stomach can't break down, so they are passed through to the lower intestinal tract. There the local bacteria feed on them and release all the bloating fat-gas. Researchers at the Bhabha Atomic Research Center in Bombay have found that bombarding beans with gamma radiation beforehand, renders the offending sugars more digestible. Theoretically you end up farting less. The question is, do you become a human neutron bomb instead—emitting quantitatively less, but qualitatively more lethal radioactive gases?

Smartari • At last, the truly egalitarian video game. Atari of California has just filed for a patent on a computer program that will bring social justice to the sport. We are talking equality of result here, folks. The program, which records your previous scores as control data in a solid-state memory bank, gradually makes the game more difficult as you get better, until it's virtually impossible to win. For the wimp who doesn't know what he's doing, the games get easier and easier, until it's pretty difficult to fail. Atari has tested out the idea on its Red Baron game. If you're doing too well knocking out pill-boxes, the memory takes a hand, causing the ground forces to suddenly improve their accuracy and rate of fire until your biplane comes screaming down in flames. Could be the time has come to use psychology on these upstart machines—like the old "playing possum" trick. Throw a game or two and wait for the computer to lower its guard, then unload on the sucker with both barrels.



Boris Cookedenov • The Russians are such tireless humanitarians. The latest evidence of their caring streak is a new invention by one Professor Nurbey Guria: a giant yo-yo to serve as the perfect fire-escape for skyscrapers. Helicopters are too expensive or frequently unavailable, and anyway their engines often get choked by the smoke. Canvas escape chutes tend to get blocked by fat people, who are impossible to dislodge once they get stuck half-way down. The old escape-harness method is so slow that the rescuee gets cooked before reaching safety—and harnesses don't return. Hence the yo-yo or "inertial energy accumulator"—a cheap and sturdy hunk of metal with a strong cable to dangle on. The descent is swift at first but gets slower as it nears the ground, and just like a yo-yo the contraption returns to the top once it's released. Trouble is, by the time it slows down, those first thirty stories have whipped by pretty fast. "Get in that thing? Yeah, sure Nurbey, not even if you make me a Hero of Socialism Labor!"

Shock the Monkey • If this sounds more like a way of controlling the behavior of lab animals, that's because there could be a connection. Naturally, Purdue University

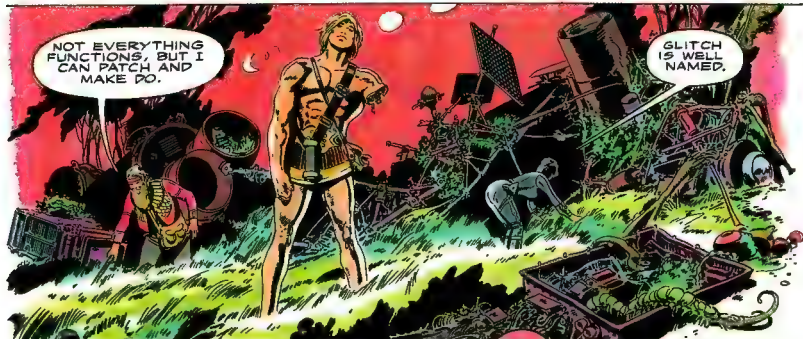
researchers claim that what they've come up with is a way for medics to monitor the vital signs of soldiers lost on the battlefield. Their device is a wristwatch-style communicator packing two electrodes on the back that zap the soldier with a mild electric shock. The GI then has to respond by pressing the "I'm OK" button—otherwise sensors inside the gadget begin monitoring his pulse, temperature, blood flow, and reflexes, not to mention his aggression quotient, kill ratio, conduct under fire, etc. "Sergeant, take that man's name." No, really, the device is there purely for the soldier's health and safety. If he's wounded and doesn't respond HQ can determine how badly, and where he is on the battlefield, so rescue squads can be quickly despatched. If he's not wounded ... well, what the hell is he doing sitting on his ass when there's a damn war going on? "Sergeant, raise the shock yield."

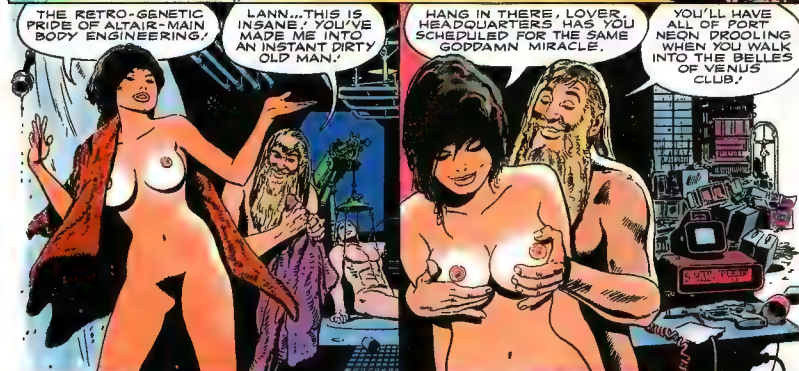
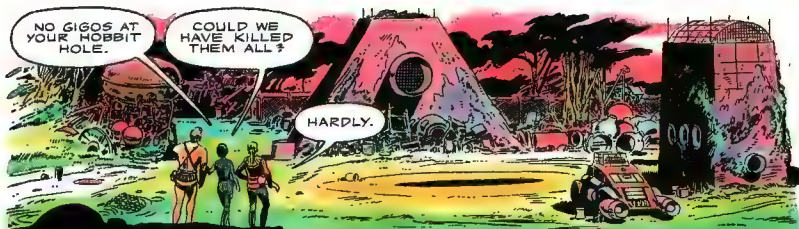


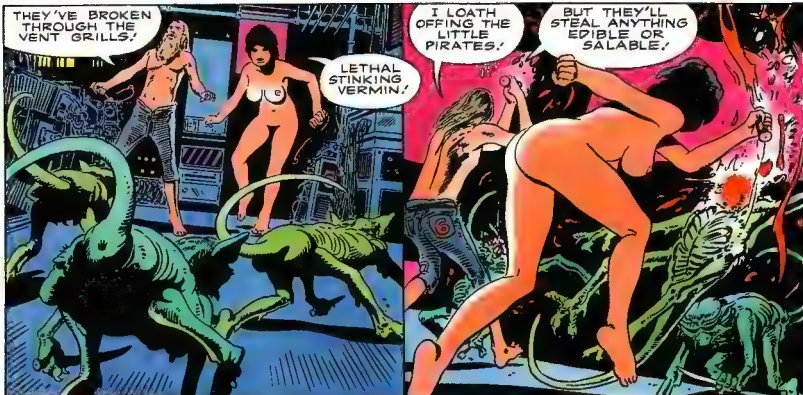
Ewe and Me Both • Weird creatures, centaurs—and probably a little confused, being half goat, half man. At least they only exist in classical mythology. But give those biologists at the Institute of Animal Physiology in Cambridge, England, a few more years and they might turn myth into reality. They've started with the modest achievement of creating sheep/goat hybrids, which some people call "geep." These pathetic monstrosities, probably destined to be the loneliest creatures on Earth, have patches of woolly fleece growing alongside areas of straight goat hair. The scientists have also managed to induce the birth of lambs from goats, and kids from ewes. No need to be scared by this real-life combination of *Rosemary's Baby* and *Alien*. In fact, if you hurry you might still be able to get your order in for a custom-made cat-pig.

Good Taste Is Timeless • Cyanide is sweet compared to this stuff. Denatonium Saccharide, the bitterest substance yet discovered, tastes vile even when diluted to one part in twenty million. The white crystalline powder is a recent invention of the gourmands over at Atomergic Chemicals Corp., in Plainville, New York. Atomergic anticipates all sorts of applications for this much-needed miracle product. They reckon it could be a repellent against pests like sharks, beavers, or woodpeckers. Right now they're testing the chemicals on plastic garbage bags and telephone cables to keep off rats and birds. Great ... until Denatonium Saccharide gets into the water supply.

—Melik Kaylan







THEY'VE BROKEN THROUGH THE VENT GRILLS.

I LOATH OFFING THE LITTLE PIRATES.

BUT THEY'LL STEAL ANYTHING EDIBLE OR SALABLE.

LETHAL STINKING VERMIN!



KILLING GIGOS IS NOT A MORAL TRANSGRESSION, SHARD.



KILLING HUMANS IS.



THAT'S A PROBLEM I HAVE WITH COVERT ASSIGNMENTS.



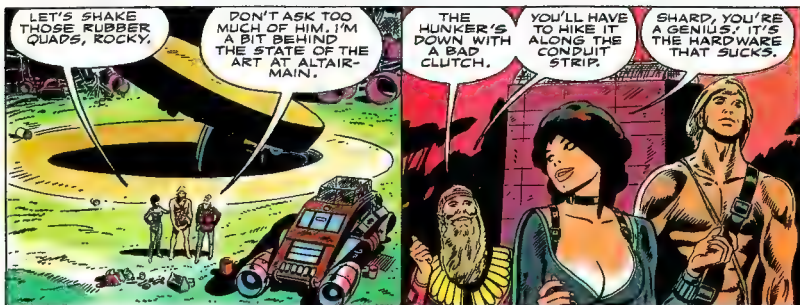
SURE IS HEAVY TALK FROM A C.I. OPERATIVE! YOU'LL HAVE ME BELIEVING YOUR GENDER IS SHOWING AFTER TWENTY NOTORIOUS YEARS.



WOMAN'S WEAKNESS IS NOT CONSCIENCE, OLD FRIEND.

IT'S VANITY THAT CHOSE YOUTH OVER MORALITY!

IN TWO DAY'S TIME MIGHTY GLITCH IS REFURBISHED AND READY FOR NEW TASKS.



BY NOON, LANN AND GLITCH APPROACH THE BELLES OF VENUS CLUB IN STEAMY PORT NEON.





A COIN FOR THE FERRYMAN, SPROVACK. I'M LANN. C.I. SCAN, ALTAIR-MAIN.

I SURE DON'T RECALL SEEING ANY C.I.'S BEING SO QUALIFIED.



YOU GO ON WITH LONG JOHNNY IN THE NEXT SET.



THIS I GOTTA SEE.



ABOUT THE KENTON SISTERS THAT DO A PUNK NUMBER WITH THE DOUBLE-HUNG GEMINID.



ASK JOHNNY, NOT DURING... BUT AFTER.

DADDY'S NOT HAPPY ABOUT HIS WAYWARD BABY DOLLS WORKING THE BEAVER CIRCUIT.



JOHNNY'S FULL OF BEAVER STORIES!

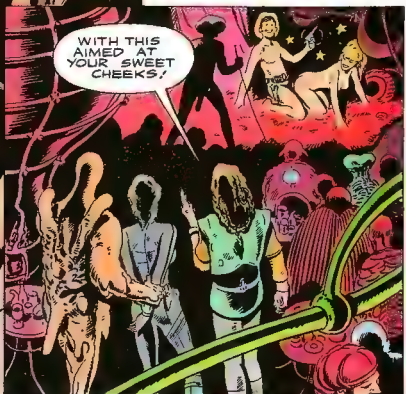


I...MIGHT...JUST CONSIDER GOING ON WITH... OL' JOHN...



ALTAIR-MAIN NEEDS AN UPDATE ON THEIR PRIZE PORT NEON MOLE.

NOW YOU GO ON WITH JOHNNY.



WITH THIS AIMED AT YOUR SWEET CHEEKS!

LANN, CAUTIOUSLY EYEING THE SILVER SPANDA, BRIEFLY WHISPERS TO LONG JOHNNY. THEN...



THE BLITZED DROID MOUNTS THE STAGE AND MANAGES AN AWKWARD STRIPTease.



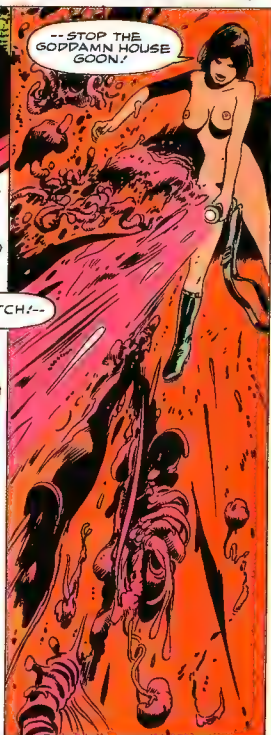
A WELL PLACED KICK SENDS THE BLASTER FLYING INTO THE BACKSTAGE BLACKNESS.



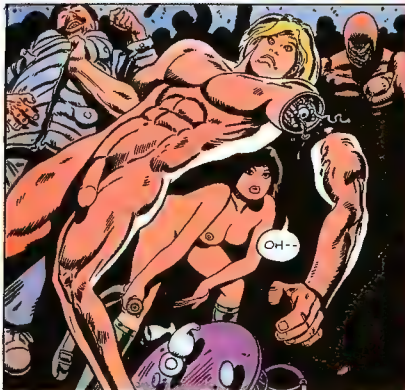
SLEEK AS A PANTHER, LANN HEFTS GLITCH'S ION STROBE.

THE FLASH OF SPROVACK'S KNIFE SETS OFF A JOVIAL RIOT.

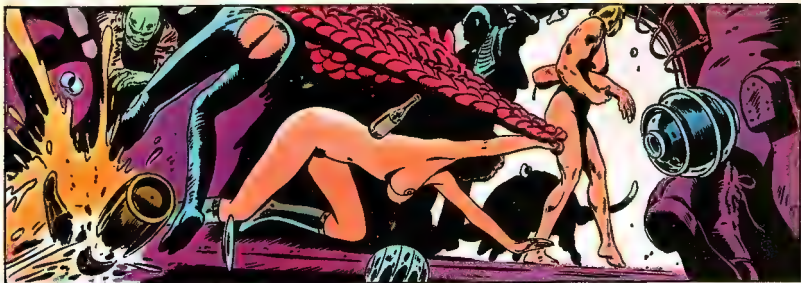
LANN IS FORCED TO USE THE STROBE IN THE CROWDED CLUB.



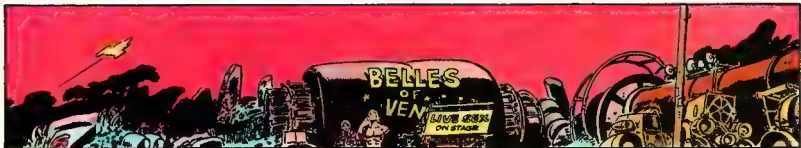
LOATH TO FIRE THE DEADLY STROBE TWICE, LANN REELS AS NEON SIX LOW-TECH FAILS AGAIN.



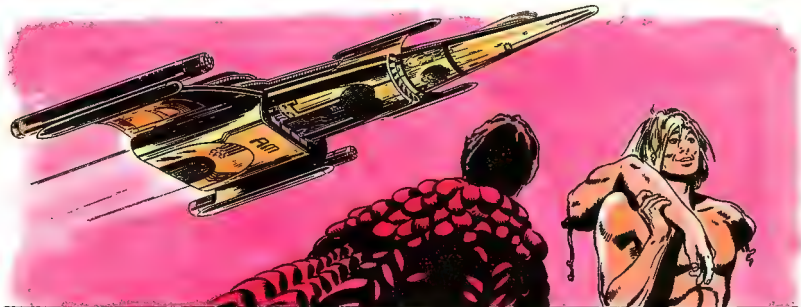
GLITCH SHEEPHITS TROTS TOWARD THE DOORLESS EXIT. NEARBY, LANN COMMANDEERS A CLOAK.



AS THEY LEAVE THE CLUB, A GIANT GOLDEN PART SLICES THROUGH THE THICK AIR ABOVE THE PORT.

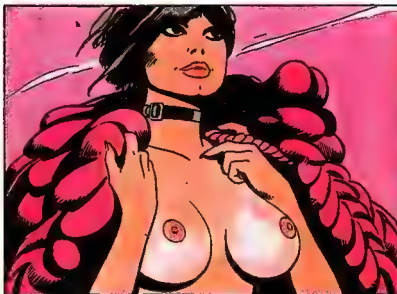


THE WEEKLY PACKET FLIGHT BEGINS ITS THREE DAY RETURN JOURNEY TO ALTAIR-MAIN. LANN'S EYES DEVOUR THE CRAFT'S LUMINOUS CONTOURS, EVEN THE DULL SURFACES OF THE OBSOLETE SKIMMERS AND LASER SLEDS CATCH AND REFLECT RUSTY IMAGES OF ITS HURTLING SPLENDOR.



LANN STRUGGLES WITH FADING SPECTERS OF HER OLD PSYCHE. HER BODY'S REJUVINATION HAS KINDLED A YOUTHFUL SPIRIT. SHE YEARNS TO BE BEAMING BACK TOWARD ALTAIR-MAIN.

A SNOWY CONTRAIL HOVERS OVERHEAD. BELOW, CASTOFFS FROM REMOTE STAR FIELDS HUM THEIR TUNES OF UNSPENT GLORY. WHILE A NEW FIRE BURNS BETWEEN LANN MARIN'S THIGHS.



IMAGE



IT WAS MY
GREAT-GRANDFATHER
WHO GAVE ONE THING
ITS NAME.



HE WAS A GOAT HERDER
IN THE MOUNTAINS.

ONE DAY HE TOOK SOME
GOATS TO SELL AT A
FAR AWAY TOWN.



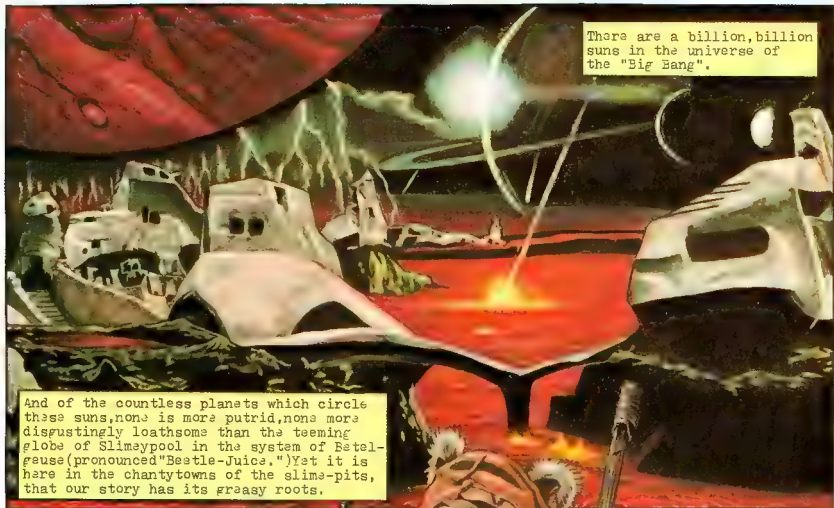
CHEESE, WILL YA
LOOK AT THAT!

WHEN HE RETURNED
HOME HE FOUND THAT
ALL HIS MILK HAD
CURDLED

STARING INTO THE CANS
HE EXCLAIMED,



ROCK OPERA II: THE RISE AND FALL OF ROCKY STARZBORNE



There are a billion, billion
suns in the universe of
the "Big Bang".

And of the countless planets which circle
these suns, none is more putrid, none more
disgustingly loathsome than the teeming
globe of Slimyapool in the system of Batel-
geuse (pronounced "Beetle-Juice.") Yet it is
here in the chancytowns of the slim-pits,
that our story has its greasy roots.

But, Dad--I'm sixteen.
It's time for me to
work down in Pit wi'
the rest of the lads!

But, Dad--

I'll 'ave no son of mine down
in Pit like me! Yer'll do what
Mum tells yer and become--a
pop star!

Whist, son!
Yer Mum's
saved from
housekeep-
ing--

--for this pair of black
poly-leather skin-tight
pants--and yer could at
least have the decency
to wear 'em!

And so it was, for the first time in
the planet's history, that music was
heard, as Pal and his best mates, Jon
and Gorge, belted out such favorites
as "Black Hole Blues" and "Roll Over,
John Williams."



The myth might have ended there, but the boys were ambitious.

Finding a drummer, they named themselves the "Betelgeuse IV" and took their act off-planet. There was opportunity, it was said, in the huge Hamburger Satellites in the fabulous "Milkshake Way", where Imperial Star-Troopers spent their leisure time.

the CAVERN
OF THE
BETELGEUSE
IV

BurgerTime

But their debut was a disaster.

What a tough crowd, eh Pal? I've never seen a drummer get eaten before.

Right, and they smashed our equipment as well. And now a photon storm is springing up, and we'll all get ionized!

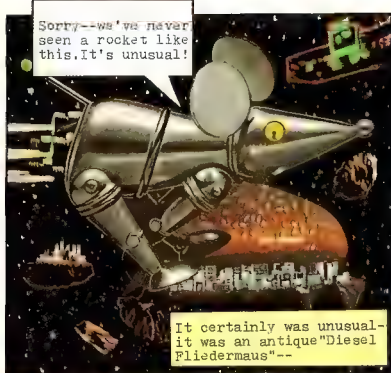
Well, make yer-self useful then. Go hitch us a ride, for a start!

COFFEE

Here comes something, now--

Look, it's stopping!

Well, don't just stand there, Sugarbooger-- You boys want a ride or what?



Sorry--we've never seen a rocket like this. It's unusual!

It certainly was unusual--it was an antique "Diesel Pliedermaus"---

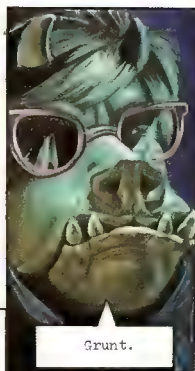


--driven by Yakki Oh, the famous energy vampire. She was escorted by Andy Warthog,

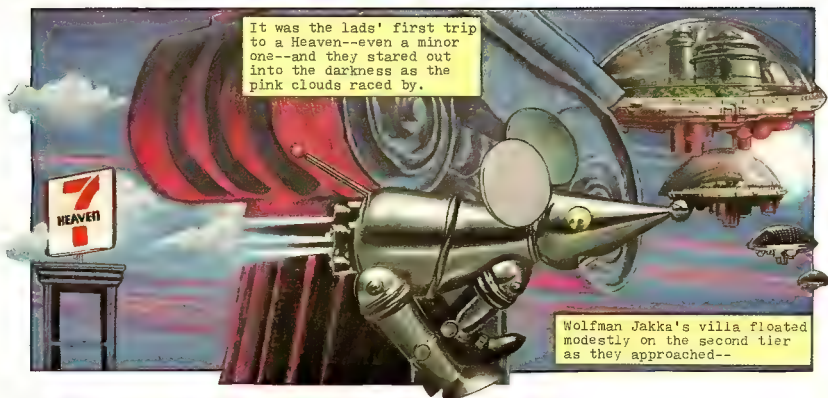
the conceptual artist whose attempt to wrap the Cygnus Constellation in pink polyurethane had been such a critical success. As the little ship rattled along through a driving rain of photons (whatever they are), Jon mesmerized them with stories of the band's adventures--while Pal dimpled winningly.



Oh, Andy, we must take them to Wolfman Jakka's party with us! He'll simply eat them up!

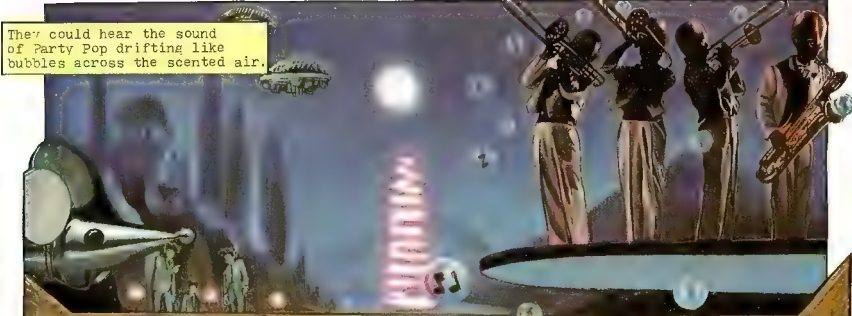


Grunt.



It was the lads' first trip to a Heaven--even a minor one--and they stared out into the darkness as the pink clouds raced by.

Wolfman Jakka's villa floated modestly on the second tier as they approached--



They could hear the sound
of Party Pop drifting like
bubbles across the scented air.



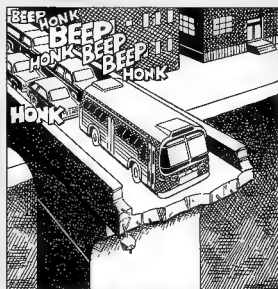
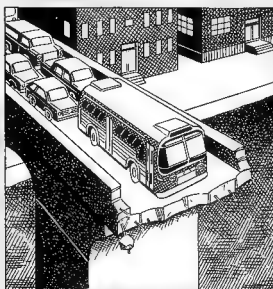
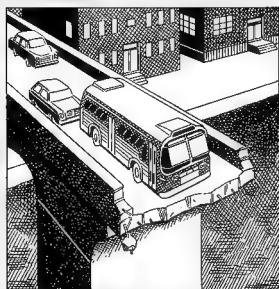
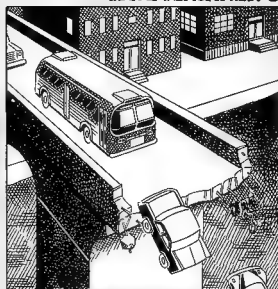
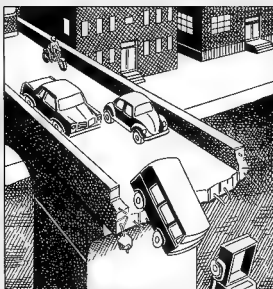
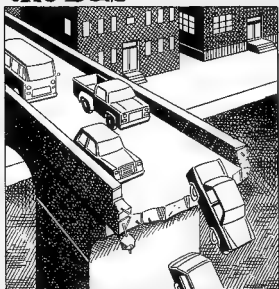
Inside the anti-grav atrium, Jakka was
holding court. Caught up in the milling
throng, Jon, Pal and Jorge found themselves
carried along to the buffet.

So, who are you,
then?

Look, which do you think
sounds better-- "I Wanna
Hold Your Tentacle" or
"I Wanna Hold Your
Gland?"

Jakka says my name's
"Rocky Starzborne"--
I'm supposed to be a
sort of pop star.

And history was made...



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Philadelphia	WTAF	Minneapolis-		Cincinnati	WXIX	Green Bay	WXGZ
San Francisco	KTVU	St. Paul	KMSP	Nashville	WKRN	Omaha	KMTV
Boston	WCVB	Atlanta	WANX	Milwaukee	WISN	Tucson	KVOA
Detroit	WKBD	St. Louis	KPLR	Oklahoma City . . .	KOKH	Las Vegas-	
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Houston	KTXH	New Haven	WTXX	Little Rock	KLRT	Medford	KDRV

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THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE

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"WHAT I LIKE"

THE LORD OF ELTINGVILLE A MAN TO RECKON WITH



THE LORD'S INSATIABLE SEXUAL APPETITE COULD PUT THE LIKES OF RICHARD BURTON TO SHAME



HOLLYWOOD IS THE LORD'S OYSTER THE RED CARPET IS ROLLED OUT WHEREVER HE CHOOSES TO APPEAR



MORNINGS IN ST. MORITZ, EVENINGS IN MONACO, THE LORD'S JET-SETTING WAYS ARE LEGENDARY



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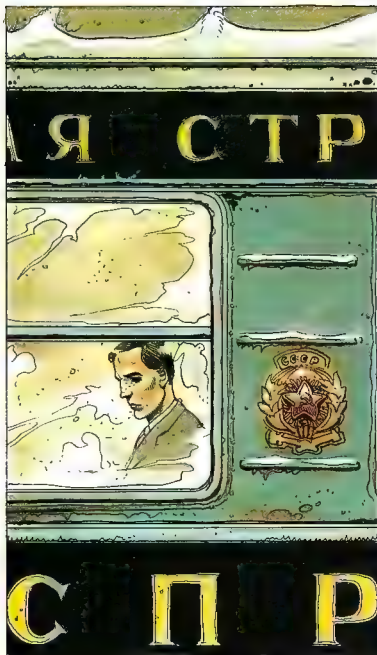
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creatures!

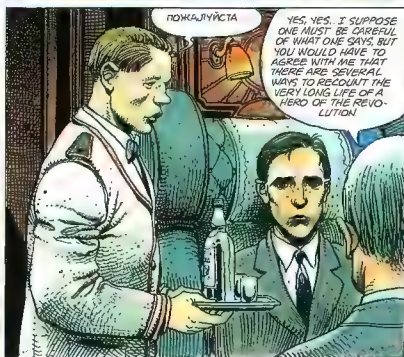
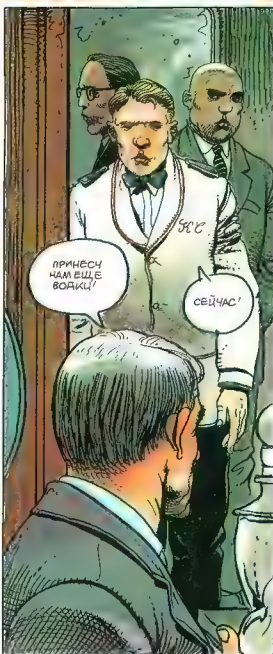


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The Hunting Party

christin·bilal











"IN HUSHED TONES, ALMOST A WHISPER, HE SPOKE OF HIS EFFORTS IN THE WAR AGAINST THE GERMAN INVADERS OH, YES."



64

YES, THERE IS MUCH HE HAS TOLD ME, AND SO MUCH YET TO TELL. AND IT WAS ALL LIVED BY ONE MAN, THIS MAN—SUCH A TURBULENT LIFE! IT'S AMAZING.



BUT THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY, YOUNG MAN. YOU KNOW THAT AS WELL AS I.



THE TCHEKA, THE GUERGU, THE NKVD, THE KGB. THEY ARE ONLY FASCINATING OR DISOCCUPYING NAMES OF VARIOUS POLICE ORGANIZATIONS.



65

"BUT FOR THE REVOLUTIONARY SAILORS OF CRONSTADT WHO, IN 1921, DARED TO RISE UP AGAINST THE NEW REGIME TO THE TERRIBLE DRY, 'DEATH TO THE BOLSHEVIK, LONG LIVE THE SOVIETS'."



66



"... AND FOR THE INDEPENDENT GEORGIANS AND SO MANY OTHER PEOPLE WHO WERE CONSTRAINED AND FORCED TO REJOIN THE UNION..."



"... AND FOR THE MOUTIKS - THE PEASANTS - SHOT BECAUSE THEY RESISTED COLLECTIVIZATION..."



"... FOR THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS OF THE PURGES WHO WERE DEPORTED, KILLED, OR FORCED TO COMMIT SUICIDE..."



"... FOR THE REVOLUTIONARIES OF THE OLD GUARD WHO TOOK THE ROLES OF TRAITORS IN THE BIG TRIALS OF THE THIRTIES..."



TO BE CONTINUED.



IT'S A BIRD... IT'S A PLANE... IT'S TSUKERMAN!

Liquid Sky's gifted director
talks about the making of
the new cult favorite ...

Never construct a mental image of someone based solely on your perceptions of their work. For instance: after seeing *Liquid Sky* for the first time late last spring, I pictured Russian émigré director Slava Tsukerman as a mutant crossbreeding of William Burroughs at his most reptilian, Andy Warhol at his most voyeuristic, and Yul Brynner at his most Taras Bulba-ous. But, as we all know, reality can be much more twisted than anything the human mind can dream up—as witness the tall guy with the round, grinning face sitting across from me, identifying himself in thickly-accented English as Slava Tsukerman. Best simulation of well-adjusted good health I've seen in a while—*can't* be the same human who co-wrote and directed this mordantly hilarious, *sf-La Ronde* of sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll, aliens, and interlocking parasitic relationships.

The fact of the matter is, *Liquid Sky* is one weird movie. Written by Tsukerman, associate producer Nina Kerova, and dual-lead player Anne Carlisle, it focuses on a circle of lost characters kick-stumbling their way through alienated despair in the decadent-with-a-vengeance New York new-wave club scene. Into this *Naked Lunch* soap opera drops a frisbee-sized alien spacecraft, its unseen occupants hungry for industrial-strength doses of the human brain's own ecstasy elixir, a chemical released during orgasm and simulated by heroin. As there's lots of both sex and smack in the penthouse where model Margaret (Carlisle) lives with her dope-dealer girlfriend (Paula E. Sheppard), the saucer perches itself nearby and begins sucking the life out of every come-customer who falls into the black hole between Margaret's legs (including her sneering, sociopathic male counterpart, Jimmy, brilliantly played by Carlisle). Excellent cinematography by Yuri Neyman (yet another of the numerous Rooski refugees at work here) gives *Liquid Sky* its hard-edged, neon-bright look, aided by Sharyn Leslie Ross's brutal editing, a sparse, captivating electronic score (co-produced by

Tsukerman and released on an LP), and the director's visually sophisticated, comics-resonant composition. And—most astonishing—it was all done for less than half a million bucks.

My own first reaction to the film was utter confusion for the first hour or so, and hysterical laughter through the rest at what I thought was monumentally inept filmmaking. Almost everyone I knew hated it, but something about the movie stayed with me—there was just too much there to be dismissed. A second viewing brought laughter from the beginning—but this time I realized I was *supposed* to laugh, and also feel horrified, disgusted, saddened, and full of pity for the film's pathetically struggling characters. *Liquid Sky* has gone on to become the runaway "art house" cult movie of the year, echoing (in more ways than its success) such now-classic seventies underground hits as *Eraserhead*, *Pink Flamingos*, and *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. In New York City alone it's been playing a full daily schedule at the same small downtown theater for eight months without a break. Obviously, something's there.

Tsukerman seems nonplussed at his film's modest success, and voices strong faith in the possibility of a wider break-out had it been accorded a major release. Given the film's quirkiness, I would disagree, but how can you argue with a man whose munchkin-like giggling ejaculates with enthusiasm? Born in Moscow in 1939, Tsukerman attended the prestigious Moscow Film Institute, and made several award-winning documentary shorts in the late sixties. After his "Night of Decision," a short meditation on free will, was banned in 1972, Tsukerman left the Soviet Union and settled in Israel, where he made documentaries for Israeli national television. Still finding it hard to make the sort of films he really wanted to make, he came to New York in 1976, where—in his spacious loft one story above a noisy, sleazy shopping district—he seems quite comfortable.

—Lou Stathis

by Lou Stathis

Photo © 1982 Yun Neyman



Russian émigré director Slava Tsukerman.
Taras Bulba he's not.

Photo ©1982 Yuri Neyman

HM: *Liquid Sky* is an odd sort of movie for your average, run-of-the-mill Russian émigré to make.

ST: Yeah. As you can guess, a lot of people say that to me. And who are especially surprised are other Russian emigrants. They absolutely cannot understand why I chose a subject like that.

HM: Why did you?

ST: Well, it wouldn't be quite right to say that I made this movie because I met certain people. I think I met certain people because my creative impulse was working in this direction. I was casting people for another movie I was making (which ended up not being made), and that script had these elements—I'm not really sure what to call them exactly. The script had a lot to do with rock 'n' roll, but it didn't really have a "new wave" way of thinking, because I didn't know much about "new wave" at that point. But Anne Carlisle, who was auditioning for a part in that movie, read it and said to me, "This is a real 'new wave' script." So, you see, I was thinking in this direction back then.

It's better to deliver a message about reality in a fairy tale form, using modern fantasy symbols.

HM: Had you had any exposure to this scene at all?

ST: Well, I was in CBBG's once. That was it.

HM: What did the idea for *Liquid Sky* evolve from?

ST: I thought it would be interesting to

make a film about the relationship between an alien girl from outer space and an American girl. Then, I thought: should the girl be a punk, or a conservative Jewish girl from Great Neck? But I was definitely leaning in favor of a punk—involving clubs, music, dancing. The other original idea was less artistic and more technical. I knew I could do special effects much cheaper than anyone else. So it was natural for me to make a low-budget film with lots of special effects. From there it was just a natural, organic growth process. The three writers all had different backgrounds and different attitudes towards the events in the story. For Anne it was sometimes like a self-psychoanalytic experience, because she used a lot of her own life—and she began to understand something about it that she hadn't before. And all of us used characterizations of people we knew, phrases we heard them speak. And it was, you know, this whole mixing process of ideas and emotions—and the mixed feelings that come out of the movie, those are *our* mixed feelings about these things as

club scene here—quite well.

ST: I don't think it's that localized—not New York, and not even the United States. I think it's something that's in the air, that people all over the world feel. New wave is just a more advanced, more extreme mirror of processes that are happening to people all over the world—*everyone* has the same feelings. That's why I was so interested in the new wave movement, because I see it as a mirror of certain important processes active in the world. So, this is not a movie only about America—some people have said that I was so impressed or shocked by the decadence of America that I made this movie. Well, I don't think America has a monopoly on decadence. Certainly it's different than Russia, no question about that. New York is in a sense the center of the world now—but all that really means is that the processes that are happening throughout the world are more polarized, more on view, more *extreme* in New York. So, it's much more interesting to study these things happening all over the world in New York.

Someone in Seattle wrote a review of the movie in terms of mask and the psychological problems of modern society. She analyzed Margaret's behavior—the way she uses clothes, make-up, etc.—as a manipulation of masks to hide identity, or lack of identity really. That's a big part of modern mentalty, and central to the root of our culture. And people in the new-wave culture take this to an extreme. They play these games much more than other people, but it doesn't mean that other people don't play the same games.

HM: Their ways of playing them are just more up front—more a part of their

writers. Our shock, and our laughter. We tried to summarize the experience around us and within us, summarize it in a way that was most interesting to us at the moment.

HM: It does seem to me to pinpoint a certain time in New York—around the summer of 1981, the height of the night-



"Coke is it!" sez *Liquid Sky*'s Jimmy (Anne Carlisle). "Otherwise I'd spend my life asleep!"

Photo ©1982 Yuri Neyman

exterior personalities.

ST: Yes, right.

HM: *Liquid Sky* seems to me a study in exploitative relationships. Everybody uses everybody else—everybody feeds off everybody else in so many different ways. And there isn't any exclusivity either: men feed off women, women feed off women, aliens feed off humans. Do you see that as reflective of modern society as a whole, or just the new wave sub-culture?

ST: Well, you can compare *Liquid Sky* to Brecht's *Three-Penny Opera*. Brecht compared bourgeois society to the sub-culture of thieves and gangsters. I've taken a more modern approach. I think people in the new wave sub-culture are performing little Brechtian performances modeled on society as they see it. And they see in it this exploitative kind of relationship, and again, they play it to a more extreme form. So, by showing people performing all the extremes of modern civilization, it's like double theater. The movie is showing people who are really playing theater, and we are playing theater as people playing theater . . . and this double show, I think, tells much more about civilization than just a straight show.

HM: What about the aliens in the saucer? Why introduce this fantasy element that seems so intentionally absurd?

ST: Well, if you look at *Heavy Metal*, or listen to new wave rock 'n' roll, you'll see that alien creatures are very much a part of modern folklore. So it goes this way: if you want to tell today the story that there is no more Prince Charming, and the Princess cannot wait, it's easier to tell it in modern language that there is no more Prince Charming unless he is coming from outer

space.

HM: And that way you can remove it from reality, where the possibilities within our reality have been exhausted as far as believing in Prince Charming goes?

ST: Yes. I can put it another way as well. Traditional American films please their audiences by reinforcing in them the American dream—telling women that they can expect a Prince Charming to come and save them. And to make it believable, the story is always told in as realistic a way as possible. Realistic language helps an audience believe in a fairy tale, right? What we did was intentionally the opposite—we're telling people that this pattern doesn't work anymore, that there is no Prince Charming. And it's better to deliver this message about reality in a fairy tale form, using modern fantasy symbols.

HM: Do you find this Prince Charming idea—that women are taught to expect—true for all cultures? It's not peculiarly American?

ST: I don't think it's specific to American society—it's more general. It's just that this idea of a Princess waiting for her Prince is strongest in America—but it's true even in Russia.

HM: Let's back up a bit. You left Russia in 1973?

ST: Yes, ten years to the day before *Liquid Sky* first opened here in the U.S. in Los Angeles—April 15, 1973.

HM: Why did you leave?

ST: Well, that's a pretty complicated question . . . I can't put it in any one way. There were a lot of reasons for leaving, but basically it was because I couldn't make a film like *Liquid Sky* there. I like films that show the contradictions and problems that

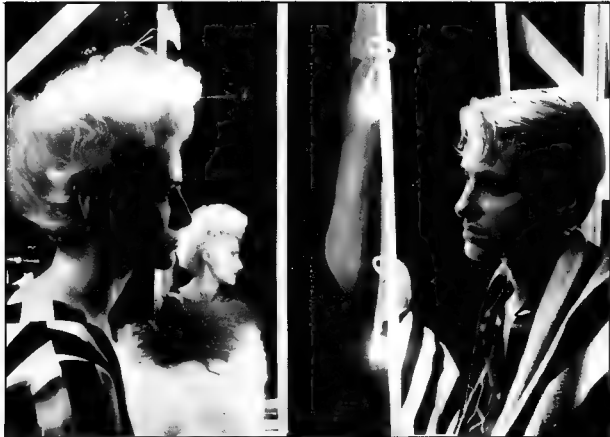
exist in society, and in order to make the audience think about these contradictions and problems, I like to show them in an exaggerated, paradoxical, and even shocking way. It's not easy to be in this position—as the eye opener for the audience. And this is true not only for Russia. Very often people blame artists for something that happens in society. Like, for example, Marcel Carné made some pessimistic films in France before the war—and during the German occupation, a lot of people blamed him for ruining the morale of the French people, and making them incapable of resisting. I think that's a very unfair attitude toward artists. The only thing artists are supposed to do is look at society, to feel what's going on, and then to show it back at society in such a way that it stresses all the processes the artist sees. Artists show people things which maybe they wouldn't notice themselves, or things that may develop into something in the future. And if he's a very good artist, and shows what he feels will happen—and it does happen, he gets blamed for it.

HM: So when you left Moscow you went to Israel . . .

ST: Right.

HM: . . . and you stayed for three years?

ST: Yes. I was making documentaries for Israeli television. The first one I made there was about Russians in Jerusalem—not a subject I picked or liked. My boss there—a very wise man—said, "Make this film. It is easy for you now—you know Russian language, Russian politics." And he was right. It won first prize in the Hollywood TV-Documentary Film Festival. After that I made documentaries on different subjects, like archaeology, but I



Margaret (Anne Carlisle) and Jimmy (ditto): more smiles than the Mormon Tabernacle Choir on nitrous.

Photo ©1982 Yun Neyman

wasn't completely satisfied. I wanted to make features and I found that I couldn't make features in Israel because I didn't know the country enough. You see, I have the strong feeling that—even if you're making a fairy tale—you have to make films about something you lived through. It should really be a personal experience. People don't realize that this thing, this "Iron Curtain," really exists. People in Russia are more isolated from the West than most others—even more isolated than other communist countries, like Czechoslovakia or Poland. And when you leave Russia, it's like beginning a new life, and many people can't do it. They try to find the same patterns in the Western world, and it's very difficult. They just don't know where to go. And Israel is a very complicated country for a newcomer to understand. On one hand, it is part of the Western world, and on the other, it's very uncharacteristic. In Israel, practically every young filmmaker has an American or British education—so they are familiar not only with their small world, but also see themselves as part of the bigger one. That is not the case for the newcomer from Russia. Besides, Israel's small size makes it impossible for a real film industry to exist there. The country just doesn't have enough of an audience to pay back the cost of a film production. So one day I found myself in New York.

HM: Wasn't it extremely disorienting for you to go from Moscow, to Jerusalem, to New York?

ST: Other than the problem of making movies, I felt pretty good in Jerusalem. Speaking about New York, well . . . I think that every intellectual in the world now—

especially the Jewish intellectual—belongs more or less to the New York mentality. It's actually a pretty easy transition. New York is closer to Moscow than Israel.

HM: It is?

ST: Yes, when I came to New York it was almost like returning to Moscow. People live the same way. I mean, where else can you go all night from party to party? People sit and talk about movies, about books—anything. Sometimes I felt much more comfortable with New York people than with some people in Israel. There it's just a whole different mentality—it's more ideological. Everyone's involved in politics. For instance, in New York an intellectual may not even know who's the President. (Laughs.) That can happen in Moscow as well. Absolutely couldn't happen in Israel. You cannot live there and not be involved in politics—because politics is a big part of your life. But some people are more comfortable thinking that movies are more important than politics.

HM: In some circles that would be a treasonous thought.

ST: Yes, but certainly not in New York. So New York life is comfortable for any intellectual and any newcomer—not only those from Russia and Israel. By the way—I think one of the best films about New York life was done by a Frenchman: Louis Malle's *My Dinner with Andre*. But even though New York was comfortable for me, it didn't mean that I was capable of making a film about this life the moment I arrived here. It took me six years to absorb enough to be able to start co-writing a script like *Liquid Sky*.

You see, all through my childhood I had these strange dreams, which I used to call

"American movies." I would see "American movies" in my mind, and I kept a strong idea of what American movies were—like my dreams. They had the brightest colors. I was pretty disappointed when I saw my first real American movie—it was different, indeed, from my dreams. So there is probably something in the images and feelings of *Liquid Sky* that came from my childhood dreams. But of course, these dreams are not the only "American" element in the film. In a sense, I think that *Liquid Sky* is more American than a lot of movies done by native Americans.

HM: How do you mean that?

ST: Well, starting in the fifties, rock 'n' roll became the leading art form in America. And the young audiences left movies for rock 'n' roll—but the naive people in Hollywood thought it was because of television that the audience left. But rock 'n' roll gave the young audiences what they wanted, and no film ever captured the rock 'n' roll mentality. So, when I first came to America from Israel for a month or so in 1975, I talked to a lot of people in Hollywood and told them that this is the time to make science fiction. They all looked at me as if I was crazy. "Science fiction is absolutely non-commercial," they said. Now they want to do *only* science fiction, since *Star Wars*. The movie was the first one to have a natural, built-in rock 'n' roll and comic strip mentality. And it brought the rock 'n' roll audience back to the movies. So, my vision of the movies is pretty close to rock 'n' roll song hits. It should be as strong and as extreme and as expressionistic as that. And *Liquid Sky* isn't nearly as strong or as extreme as I'd like to get.

JUNE 70-50

by Howard Cruse

'WHAT IS
SO RARE AS
A DAY IN
JUNE?...

SOME
POET
WROTE
THAT!

I'VE NEVER
READ MUCH
POETRY MYSELF,
BUT THERE ARE
BITS AND PIECES
THAT I RECALL
HEARING! MY
MOTHER'S
INFLUENCE, I
SUPPOSE...

SHE FELT A
SPIRITUAL KINSHIP
WITH EDNA MILLAY!
OFTEN SHE'D CRY
JUST THINKING OF
THE ELOQUENCE!

MY FATHER
PREFERRED **MURDER
MYSTERIES!** HE'D
SPRAWL ON THE HEARTH
BY A CRACKLING FIRE
AND READ FOR HOURS!
THE WORLD COULDN'T
VANISH, FOR ALL
HE KNEW!

I ENJOY
ALL THE MEMORIES.
BUT I DON'T WANT
TO BE A PRISONER
OF THEM! TODAY
IS TODAY! THAT'S
THE WAY IT IS!

I DON'T
REALLY REGRET
THE TURN THINGS
TOOK! IT'S AS THOUGH
A GREAT BURDEN
WAS LIFTED FROM ME!
—FROM HUMANKIND
IN GENERAL!

WE
CERTAINLY
DON'T HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT
NUCLEAR WAR
ANYMORE, DO
WE?
**HA HA
HA HA!**

OF COURSE,
I MISS MY WIFE
MELANIE, BUT AS
LONG AS I KNOW
SHE'S BEING
TAKEN CARE
OF... SIGH!

IT'S NOT
LIKELY SHE AND
I WILL EVER MAKE
LOVE AGAIN,
THOUGH!
CHUCKLE!

...PARDON
THE
GALLOW'S
HUMOR!

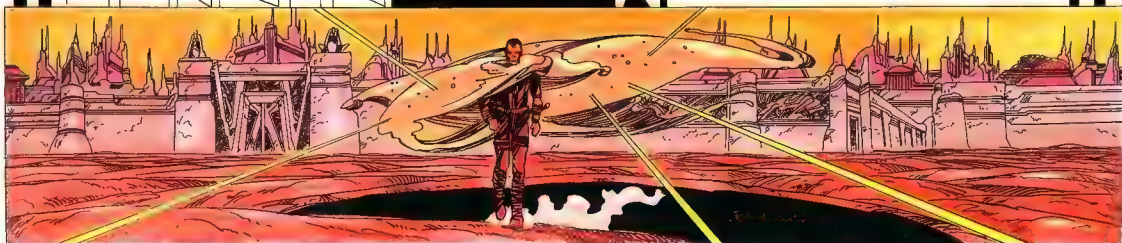
AM I
RAMBLING? IT'S
THOSE SPRING
WINDS THROUGH THE
WINDOW DISTRACTING
ME! I START SEEING
THE OLD DAYS FLAYING
OUT IN FRONT OF MY
EYES LIKE A
MOVIE...

WHEN I
WAS A CHILD
THE ADVICE
FOR A MOVIE
WAS HALF A
DOLLAR! HOW
MUCH DO THEY
COST NOW?
THE REAL
ONES, I
MEAN?

**AHA! I
THOUGHT
SO!**

CLACK!

Cruse
YOU LEFT THE
HEAD
RUNNING
AGAIN!
I DID
NOT!
YOU WERE THE
ONE WHO WAS
LISTENING TO
IT BEFORE
DINNER



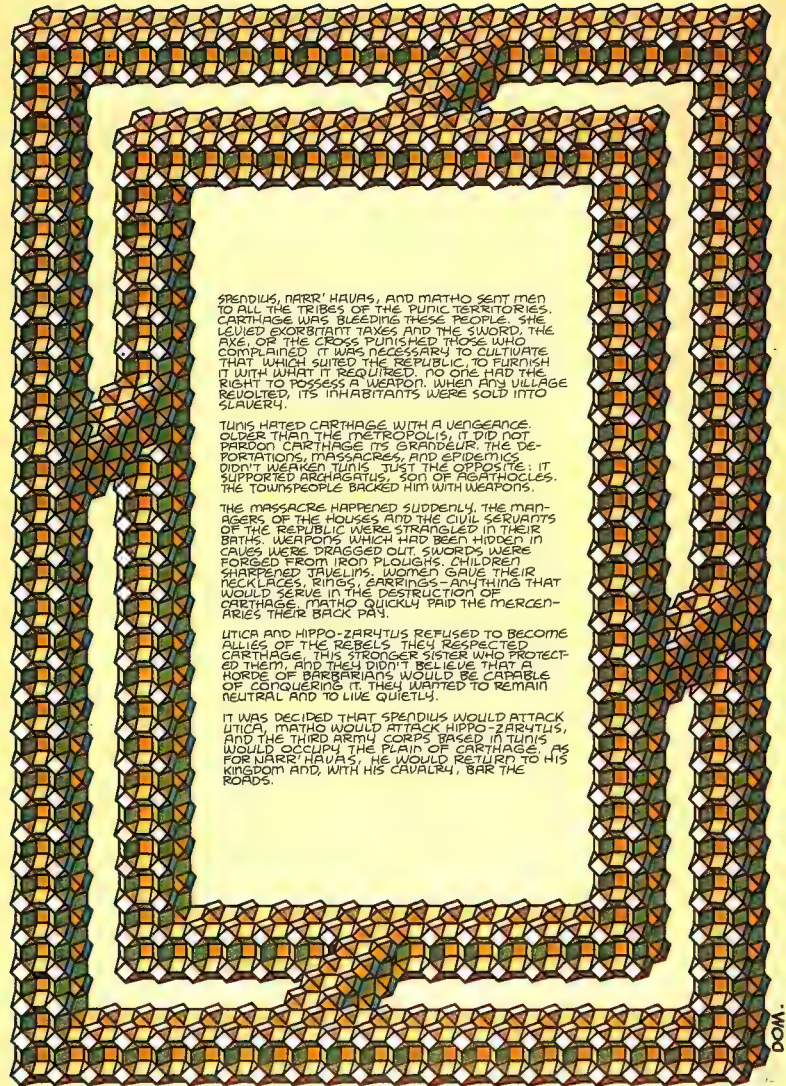
SALAMMBO II

BY PHILIPPE DRUILLET
ADAPTED FROM
GUSTAVE FLAUBERT'S
SALAMMBO.



NARR' HAVAS HAD COME TO JOIN MATHO. THE LATTER HAD DECIDED TO FORGET FOR THE TIME BEING THE AGGRESSION OF NUTIDE.

"I WILL FURNISH YOU WITH ELEPHANTS (MY FORESTS ARE FULL OF THEM), WINE, OIL, BARLEY, DATES, PITCH, AND SULPHUR FOR THE SIEGES... AND TWENTY THOUSAND INFANTRYMEN AND TWO THOUSAND HORSES IF ADDRESS YOU MATHO. IT IS BECAUSE THE POSSESSION OF THIS ZAIMPH HAS MADE YOU THE FIRST IN THE ARMY. ANYWAY, WE ARE OLD FRIENDS."



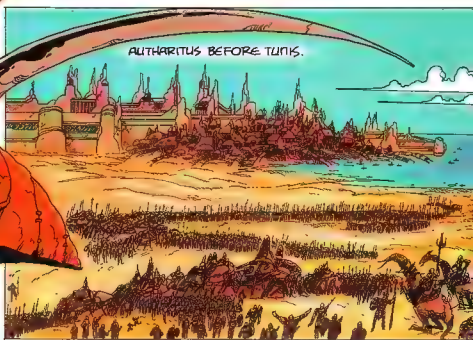
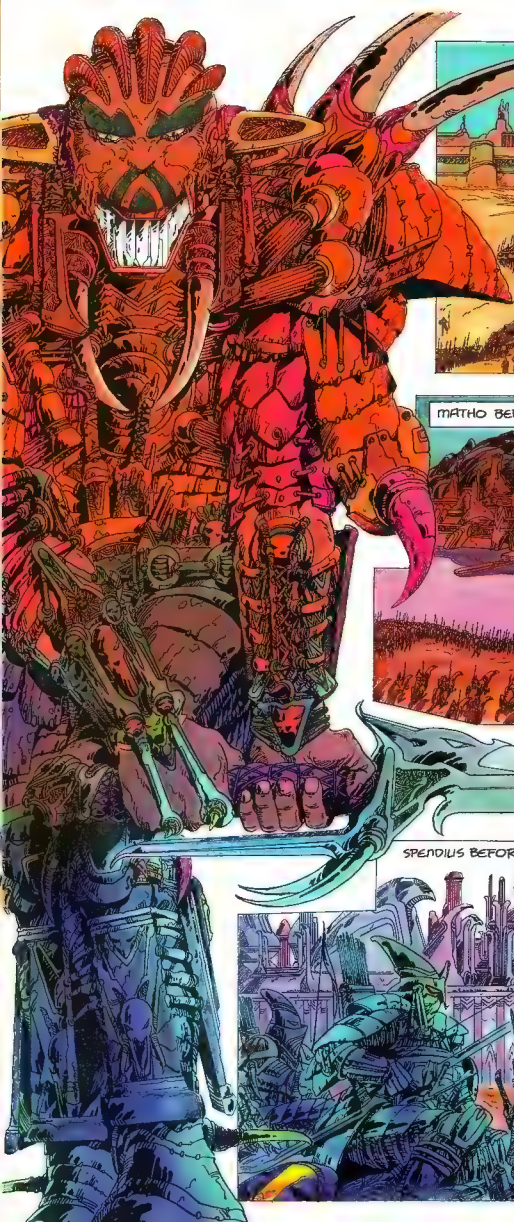
SPENDIUS, NARR' HAVAS, AND MATHO SENT MEN TO ALL THE TRIBES OF THE PUNIC TERRITORIES. CARTHAGE WAS BLEEDING THESE PEOPLE. SHE LEVIED EXORBITANT TAXES AND THE SWORD, THE AXE, OR THE CROSS PUNISHED THOSE WHO COMPLAINED. IT WAS NECESSARY TO CULTIVATE THAT WHICH SUITED THE REPUBLIC, TO FURNISH IT WITH WHAT IT REQUIRED. NO ONE HAD THE RIGHT TO POSSESS A WEAPON. WHEN ANY VILLAGE REVOLTED, ITS INHABITANTS WERE SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

TUNIS HATED CARTHAGE WITH A VENGEANCE. OLDER THAN THE METROPOLIS, IT DID NOT PARDON CARTHAGE ITS GRANDEUR, THE DEPORTATIONS, MASSACRES, AND EPIDEMICS. DIDN'T WEAKEN TUNIS JUST THE OPPOSITE: IT SUPPORTED ARCHAGATUS, SON OF AGATHOCLES. THE TOWNSPEOPLE BACKED HIM WITH WEAPONS.

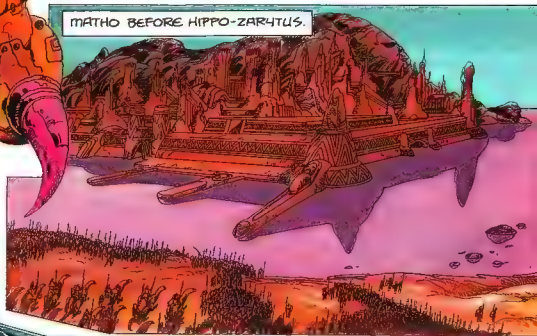
THE MASSACRE HAPPENED SUDDENLY. THE MANAGERS OF THE HOUSES AND THE CIVIL SERVANTS OF THE REPUBLIC WERE STRANDED IN THEIR BATHS. WEAPONS WHICH HAD BEEN HIDDEN IN CAVES WERE DRAGGED OUT. SWORDS WERE FORGED FROM IRON PLOUGHS. CHILDREN SHARPENED JAVELINS. WOMEN GAVE THEIR BECKLACES, RINGS, EARRINGS—ANYTHING THAT WOULD SERVE IN THE DESTRUCTION OF CARTHAGE. MATHO QUICKLY PAID THE MERCENARIES THEIR BACK PAY.

UTICA AND HIPPO-ZARTYUS REFUSED TO BECOME ALLIES OF THE REBELS. THEY RESPECTED CARTHAGE, THIS STRONGER SISTER WHO PROTECTED THEM, AND THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE THAT A HORDE OF BARBARIANS WOULD BE CAPABLE OF CONQUERING IT. THEY WAITED TO REMAIN NEUTRAL AND TO LIVE QUIETLY.

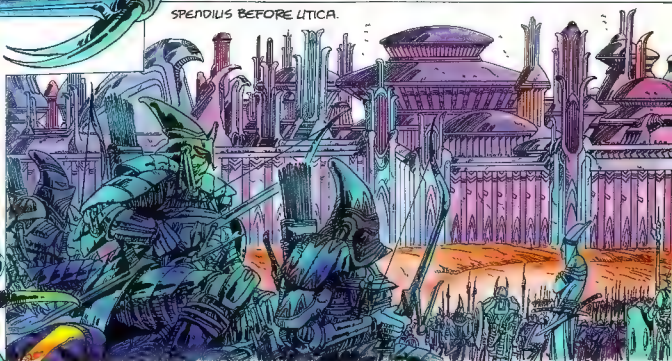
IT WAS DECIDED THAT SPENDIUS WOULD ATTACK UTICA, MATHO WOULD ATTACK HIPPO-ZARTYUS, AND THE THIRD ARMY CORPS BASED IN TUNIS WOULD OCCUPY THE PLAIN OF CARTHAGE. AS FOR NARR' HAVAS, HE WOULD RETURN TO HIS KINGDOM AND, WITH HIS CAVALRY, BAR THE ROADS.



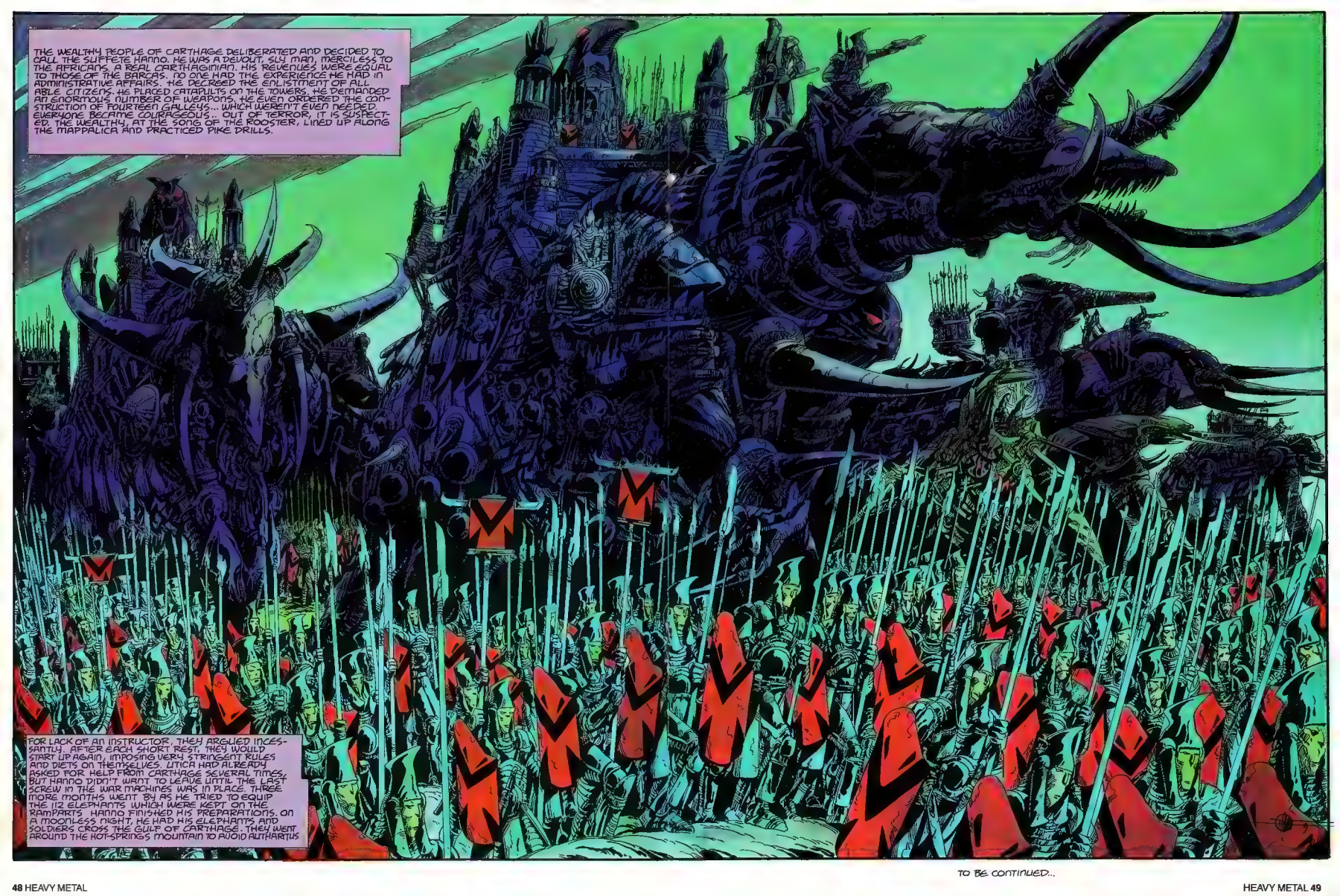
AUTHARITUS BEFORE TUNIS.



MATHO BEFORE HIPPO-ZARYTUS.



SPENDIUS BEFORE LITICA.



THE WEALTHY PEOPLE OF CARTHAGE DELIBERATED AND DECIDED TO CALL THE SUPPOSED HANNO. HE WAS A DEVOUT, SLY MAN, MERCILESS TO THE AFRICANS, A REAL CARTHAGINIAN. HIS REVENUES WERE EQUAL TO THOSE OF THE BARCIDS. NO ONE HAD THE EXPERIENCE HE HAD IN ADMINISTRATIVE AFFAIRS. HE DECREED THE ENLISTMENT OF ALL ABLE CITIZENS. HE PLACED CATAPULTS ON THE TOWERS. HE DEMANDED AN ENORMOUS NUMBER OF WEAPONS. HE EVEN ORDERED THE CONSTRUCTION OF FOURTEEN GALLEYS... WHICH WERE IT EVEN NEEDED, EVERYONE BECAME COURAGEOUS... OUT OF TERROR, IT IS SUSPECTED. THE WEALTHY, AT THE SONG OF THE ROOSTER, LINED UP ALONG THE MAPPALICA AND PRACTICED PIKE DRILLS.

FOR LACK OF AN INSTRUCTOR, THEY ARGUED INCESSANTLY. AFTER EACH SHORT REST, THEY WOULD START UP AGAIN, IMPOSING VERY STRINGENT RULES AND DUTIES ON THEMSELVES. LITICH HAD ALREADY ASKED FOR HELP FROM CARTHAGE SEVERAL TIMES, BUT HANNO DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE UNTIL THE LAST SCREW IN THE WAR MACHINES WAS IN PLACE. THREE MORE MONTHS WENT BY AS HE TRIED TO EQUIP THE 12 ELEPHANTS WHICH WERE KEPT ON THE RAMPARTS. HANNO FINISHED HIS PREPARATIONS, ON A MOONLESS NIGHT, HE HAD HIS ELEPHANTS AND SOLDIERS CROSS THE GULF OF CARTHAGE. THEY WENT AROUND THE HOT-SPRINGS MOUNTAIN TO AVOID ANTHARTUS.

TO BE CONTINUED...

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THE THIRD INCAL

THE DOOR OF THE TRANSFIGURATION

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

by Jodorowsky and Moebius

HAVING TEMPORARILY ESCAPED THE PURSUING NECRO-PANZER, JOHN DIFOOL AND HIS FRIENDS PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR WHAT MAY BE THE STRANGEST EXPERIENCE OF THE MANY THEY HAVE GONE THROUGH IN THEIR QUEST. THEY ARE TO BE PHYSICALLY TRANSFORMED INTO... WHAT?

THE TRANSFIGURATION HAS BEGUN. SOON IT WILL BE...

THIS IS EXTRAORDINARY

WE'RE NOW FORMING AN ENERGETIC TRANSDIMENSIONAL ENTITY...

...THE MOMENT OF THE CREATION OF THE VESSEL-STAR.

BUT WHERE ARE WE NOW?

IN ANOTHER SPACE...
ANOTHER TIME

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TOWARD
THE ISLAND
OF THE
PYRAMIDS!

THIS IS THE INTERDIMENSIONAL ISLAND OF THE PYRAMIDS. THE UNION OF THE TWO INCALS WILL TAKE PLACE IN THE...

SOLINE... YOU'RE OUR
GUIDE. WHAT'S YOUR
PLAN?

I MUST "PARK"
US DIRECTLY
BETWEEN
THE POINTS
OF THE TWO
PYRAMIDS
TWO

...HEART OF SOLINE, THE ANDROGYNOUS MUTANT WHO WILL BE THE LIVING CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE SHIP-STAR.

...THE BLACK INCAL UNDER
THE WHITE PYRAMID... THE
INCAL LIGHT ATOP THE
BLACK PYRAMID.

NOTICE HOW EACH POINT
IS TRUNCATED. THE PYRA-
MIDS ARE AWAITING
THEIR RESPECTIVE
INCALS...

MY FRIENDS...
WHAT A
DILEMMA!
WHAT IS THE
NEURO-PAN-
ZER GOING
TO DO? THIS
IS HIS LAST
CHANCE!

IT'S THE END OF
THE LINE... I
JUST FEEL IT.
THEY CAN'T GO
ANY FURTHER.
THERE'S ONLY
ONE SOLUTION...

...ONE SINGLE
SOLUTION...

I MUST JUMP!

HE MUST
JUMP!

THE MOTHER WILL PLACE THE BLACK
INCAL IN THE ROOT...

..THE FATHER
WILL GET
THE INCAL
LIGHT INTO
FLIGHT.

THE FATHER?

META-BARON... HERE IS THE
INCAL. GO AHEAD. IN
TRUTH, YOU ARE HIS
FATHER!

I ACCEPT THIS BECAUSE,
IN TRUTH, I HAVE BE-
COME HIS FATHER!

NO!

THE FATHER OF SOLINE
IS, IN REALITY... THE
HOST OF THE INCAL
LIGHT.

IT IS YOU...
JOHN DIFOOL!

ME... HIS FATHER? BUT...
HOW... THAT'S... IT'S JUST...
IMPOSSIBLE!

ANIMAH!
HOW? WHY?

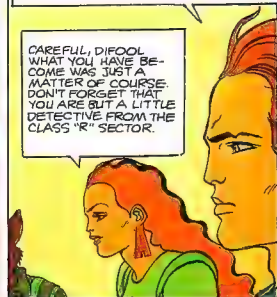
IT WAS NECESSARY THAT YOU BE THE FATHER. FOR THAT, I HAD TO TRANSFORM MYSELF INTO A PROSTITUTE. WHEN YOU WENT DOWN TO SPEND YOUR LAST SEXUAL CREDITS AT THE RED BELT, THEY WERE SPENT ON ME.



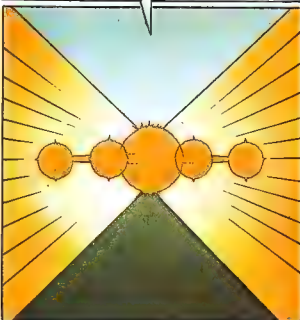
IT'S TRUE. I AM A WITNESS. MY SISTER ANIMAH HAS ALWAYS OBEYED THE WILL OF THE INCAL.

BUT... WHY ME? DID YOU DISCERN MY INNER STRENGTH AND MANLINESS?

CAREFUL, DIFOO! WHAT YOU HAVE BECOME WAS JUST A MATTER OF COURSE. DON'T FORGET THAT YOU ARE BUT A LITTLE DETECTIVE FROM THE CLASS "R" SECTOR.



THERE WAS ONE CHANCE IN ONE HUNDRED THAT THE GENETIC CODE FAVORABLE TO SOLINE EXISTED WITHIN YOU. IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT. WE WERE LUCKY. IT WORKED. DO YOU UNDERSTAND NOW?



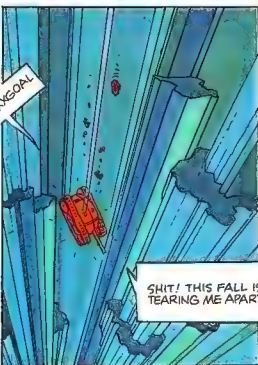
I UNDERSTAND. I AM READY TO PLACE THE INCAL. I WILL OBEY THIS SON WHO IS MINE BY DIVINE WILL.



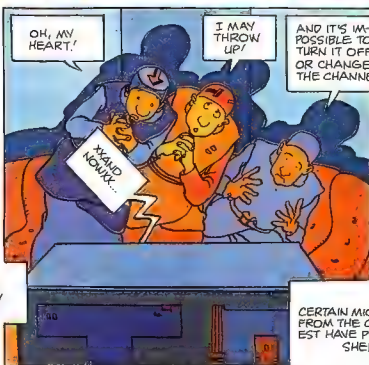
HOWEVER...



DEARXX XXTELEXXADS... XXHE XXHE XXAPPROACHINGXX YOUR MOJIX AFIAALXX...



SHIT! THIS FALL IS TEARING ME APART!



OH, MY HEART!

I MAY THROW UP!

AND IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TURN IT OFF OR CHANGE THE CHANNEL!

XXAND NOIXX...



I'M LOSING MYSELF.

CERTAIN MICROVIBRATIONS FROM THE CRYSTAL FOREST HAVE PIERCED MY SHELL.

ANIMAH, I FEEL
THE PYRAMIDS
AWAKENING.

I BELIEVE IT'S
SOLUNE'S CON-
SCIOUSNESS BE-
GINNING ITS
INFUSION.

ZZZZZZZZZZ
.....HAAAMMM

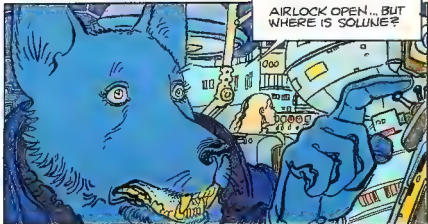
THAT'S IT. THE VIBRATIONS OF THE INCALS HAVE
CEASED. IT'S OVER... EVERYTHING IS OVER.

THE SHIP-STAR IS ASSEM-
BLED. WE HAVE SUCCEEDED.

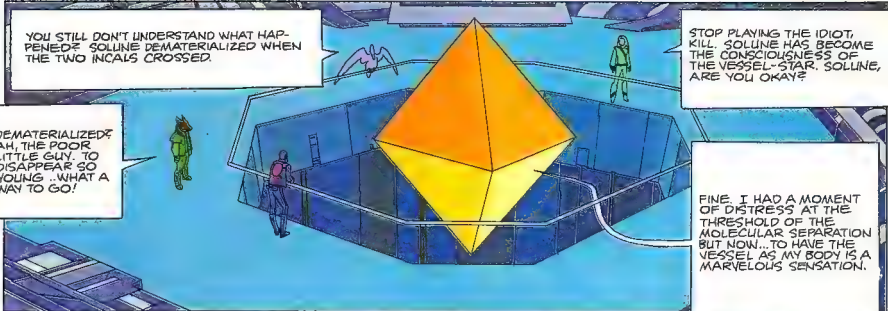
THE OTHERS MUST ALREADY BE INSIDE.
LET'S JOIN THEM.



ANIMAH AND JOHN ARE STILL OUTSIDE. OPEN THE AIRLOCK SO THEY CAN JOIN US.



AIRLOCK OPEN... BUT WHERE IS SOLUNE?

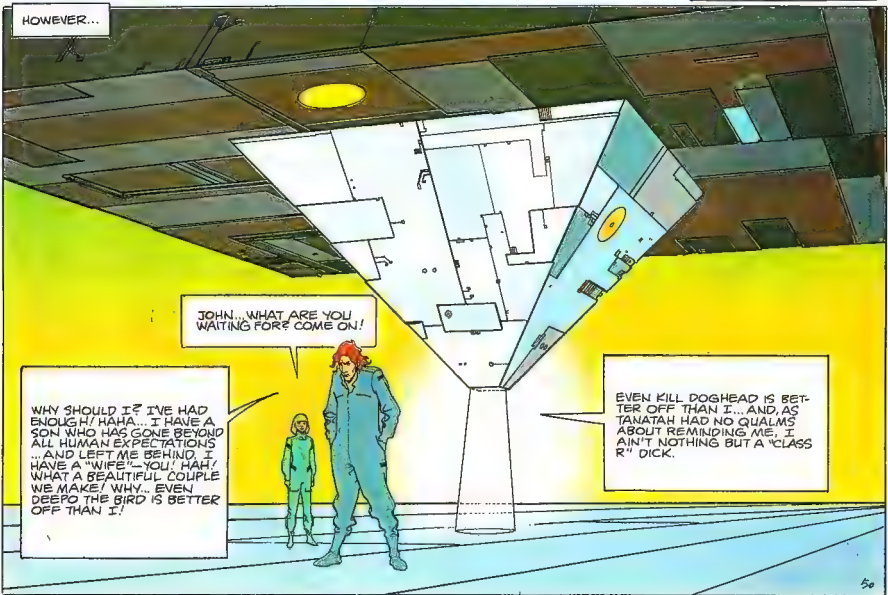


YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED? SOLUNE DEMATERIALIZED WHEN THE TWO INCALS CROSSED.

DEMATERIALIZED? AH, THE POOR LITTLE GUY. TO DISAPPEAR SO YOUNG... WHAT A WAY TO GO!

STOP PLAYING THE IDIOT, KILL. SOLUNE HAS BECOME THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE VESSEL-STAR. SOLUNE, ARE YOU OKAY?

FINE, I HAD A MOMENT OF DISTRESS AT THE THRESHOLD OF THE MOLECULAR SEPARATION BUT NOW... TO HAVE THE VESSEL AS MY BODY IS A MARVELOUS SENSATION.



HOWEVER...

JOHN... WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? COME ON!

WHY SHOULD I? I'VE HAD ENOUGH! HAHA... I HAVE A SON WHO HAS GONE BEYOND ALL HUMAN EXPECTATIONS... AND LEFT ME BEHIND. I HAVE A "WIFE"—YOU! HA! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL COUPLE WE MAKE! WHY... EVEN DEEPO THE BIRD IS BETTER OFF THAN I!

EVEN KILL DOGHEAD IS BETTER OFF THAN I... AND, AS TANATAH HAD NO QUALMS ABOUT REMINDING ME, I AIN'T NOTHING BUT A "CLASS R" DICK.

COME, JOHN.
YOU'VE FINISHED
THE HARDEST
PART OF THE
TRIP.

I FEEL THAT I'VE BEEN
EXPLOITED...AND IT'S NOT
A GREAT FEELING. WHY,
YOU'VE EVEN USED MY
SPERM WITHOUT MY
KNOWLEDGE. SHIT!

AND WHERE CAN I GO NOW? EVERY-
THING'S FALLING DOWN AROUND ME!
NO MORE THREE-DAY DRUNKS! NO
MORE SLEUTHING! NO MORE FIGHT-
ING! NO MORE WHORES! NO MORE
OF ANYTHING I LIKE!

I HAD ONLY ONE
ALLY... ONE ADVAN-
TAGE - THE INCAL...
AND NOW IT'S BEEN
TAKEN AWAY FROM
ME.
HMPFF...

CARSHH

JOHN, PLEASE
COME WITH ME.
WE'LL TALK
ABOUT ALL OF
THIS, AND I...

EH!?

WHAT...
WAS...
THAT?

THIS TIME I
HAVE THEM!

DEAR TELEBXXADS DEAR
MUFFLED UP MARMOTS...
HERE WE ARE AT THE BOT-
TOM OF THE END OF THE
BXXBTOM. FACED WITHXX
THE CRIMINALS. THEXXXX
GREAT MOMENT HASXX
COME.

IT'S THE NECRO-
ROBOT IN A NEW
FORM WE'RE DONE
FOR NOW!

I DON'T BE-
LIEVE THIS!
IT'S NOTHING
MORE THAN
A 3-D TV
CAMERA
WITH LESS!

YEAH!... A TV CAMERA! HEHEH... I
BELIEVE... HEHEHEH... I BELIEVE
WE SHOULD PUT ON A REAL SHOW
FOR ALL THE
VIEWERS AT HOME!
HEHEHEH!

JOHN?

XXXTHE CRIMINAL ISXX
APPROACHINGX LISXX!

I RECOGNIZE YOU,
JOHN DIFOOOL...YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO HUMILI-
ATED ME *

DEAR XXTLE-
AODS... XXXX
XX XXX X X...!

I KNOW YOU'RE
ALL OUT THERE!...

...ALL OF
YOU!...

...IN YOUR
CONAPTS!

HEY! I AM
YOUR PRES-
IDENT!

*SEE "THE BLACK INCAL"

LISTEN TO ME...
THE EMPIRE IS
FINISHED!

DEARX
TELE-
AODKSXXX
XXXXXXX...

YOU'RE FINISHED!

FINISHED!

COME OUT OF YOUR CONAPTS!
FACE THE WORLD! GO TO-
WARDS THE LIGHT!
THE LIGHT!

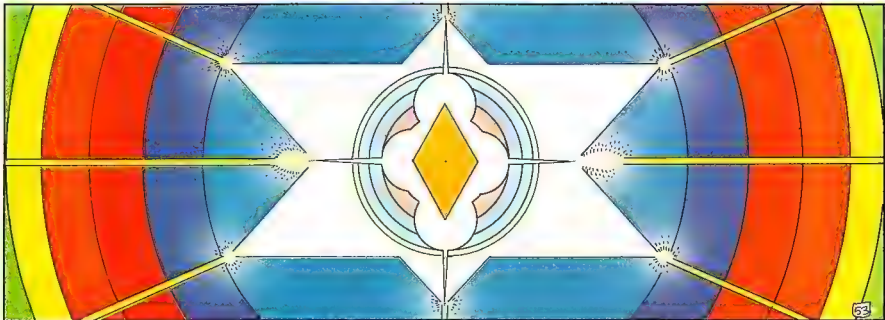
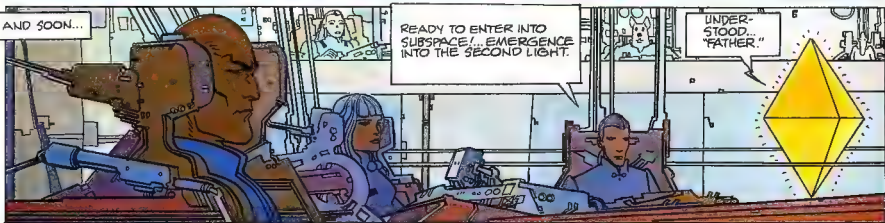
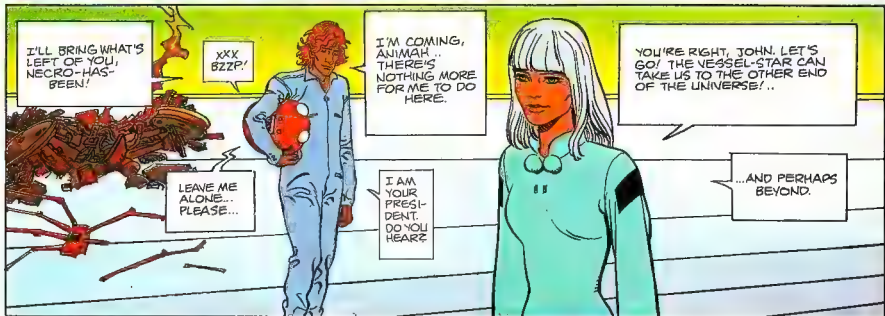
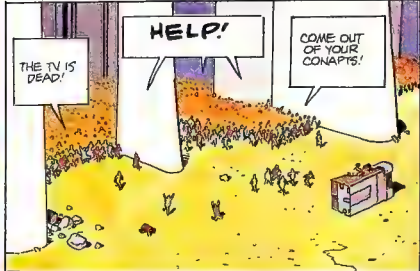
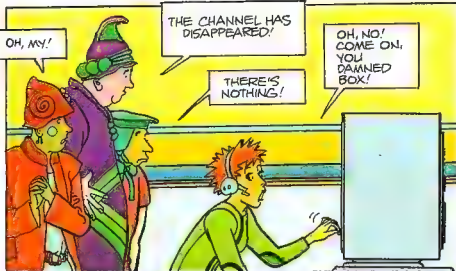
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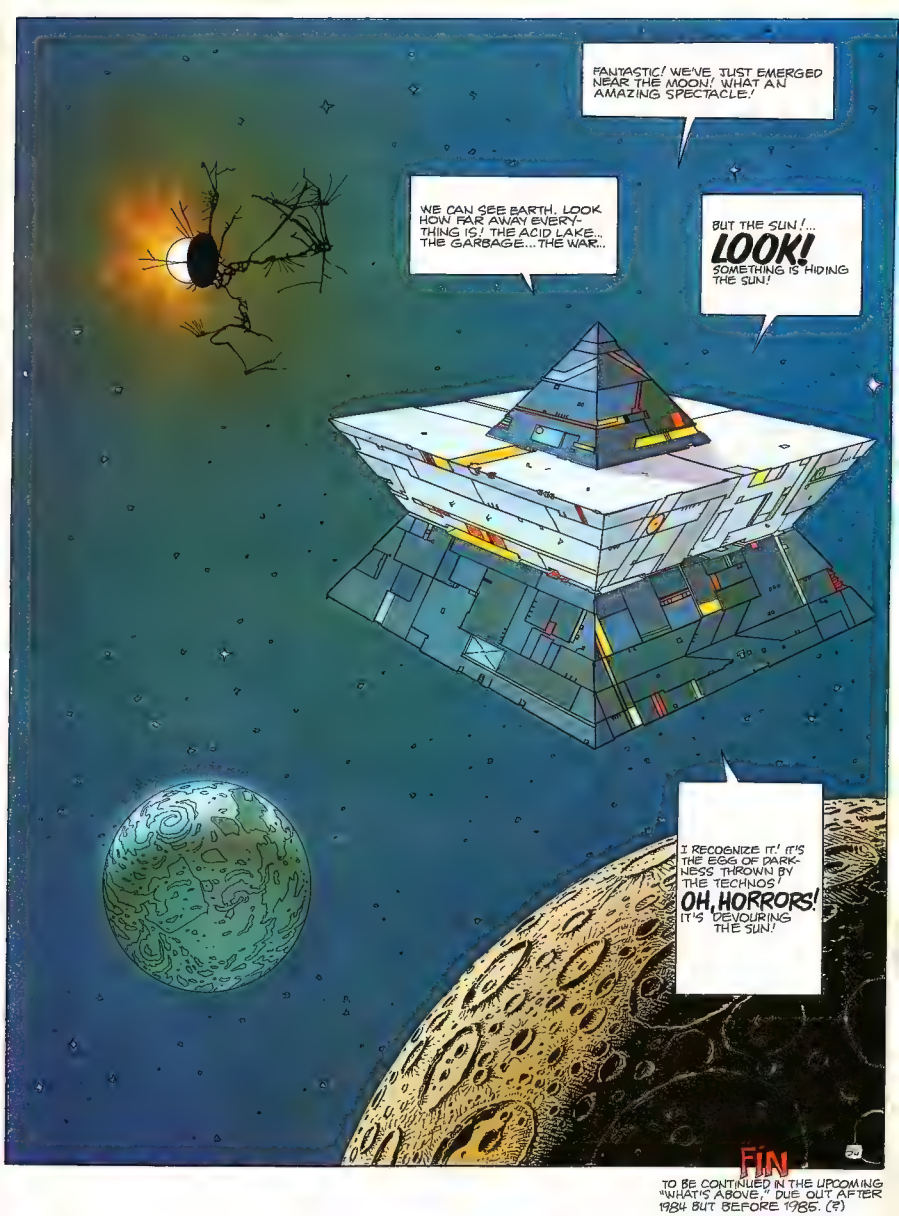
**THE
LIGHT!**

WHAT IS THIS--
A COMMER-
CIALE

HE'S
A
MAD-
MAN!

THIS TIME, THEY
HAVE GONE TOO
FAR!





FANTASTIC! WE'VE JUST EMERGED
NEAR THE MOON! WHAT AN
AMAZING SPECTACLE!

WE CAN SEE EARTH. LOOK
HOW FAR AWAY EVERY-
THING IS! THE ACID LAKE...
THE GARBAGE... THE WAR...

BUT THE SUN! ...
LOOK!
SOMETHING IS HIDING
THE SUN!

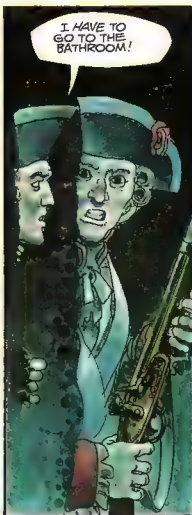
I RECOGNIZE IT! IT'S
THE EDGE OF DARK-
NESS THROWN BY
THE TECHNOS!
OH, HORRORS!
IT'S DEVOURING
THE SUN!

FIN

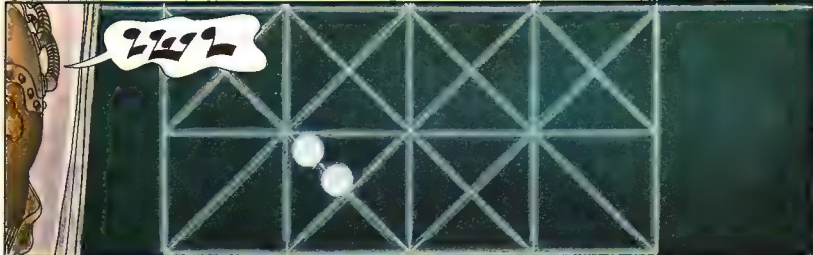
TO BE CONTINUED IN THE UPCOMING
"WHAT'S ABOVE," DUE OUT AFTER
1984 BUT BEFORE 1985. (?)

A Matter of Time

© Juan
Giménez



© JUAN GIMÉNEZ





JOHNNAN...
YOU KNOW THAT WHEN
I GET NERVOUS, I...

AW, SHIT UP! LET'S
GET ACROSS! YOU'LL
HAVE PLENTY OF
TIME TO GO
LATER.

AND
BETTER YET,
THERE'S NOT
A SOUL IN
SIGHT



HMM... IT'S A DARK
NIGHT... NOT EVEN A
STAR TO BE SEEN!



YOU'D BETTER MARK
THE BAND TO SIGNAL THE
CROSSING PLACE.

YEAH, HERE
IT IS.



AW, SHIT!
I BROUGHT THE
BROKEN BELT.

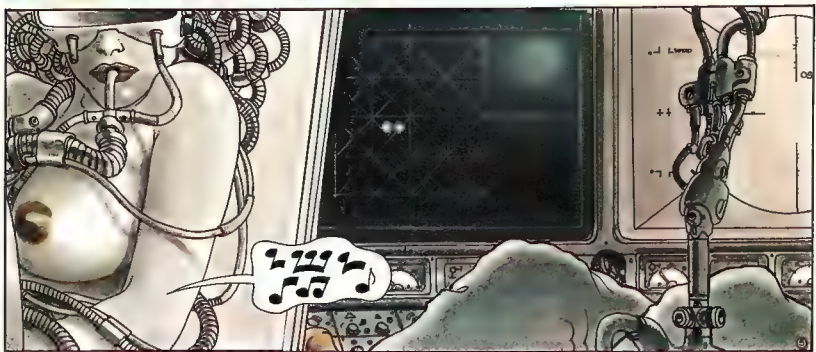


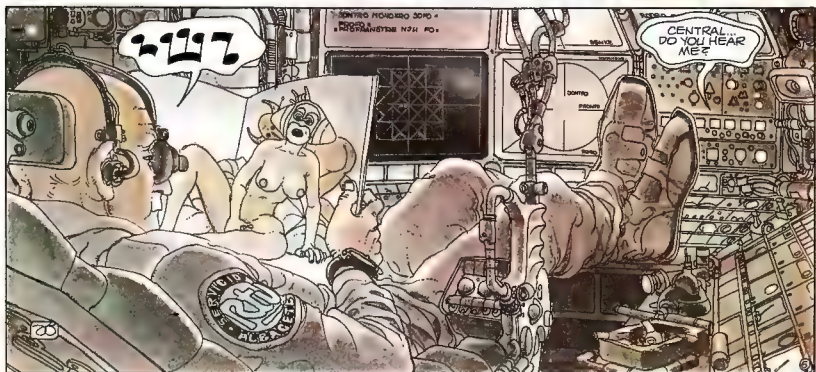
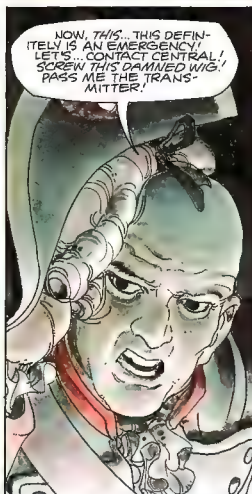
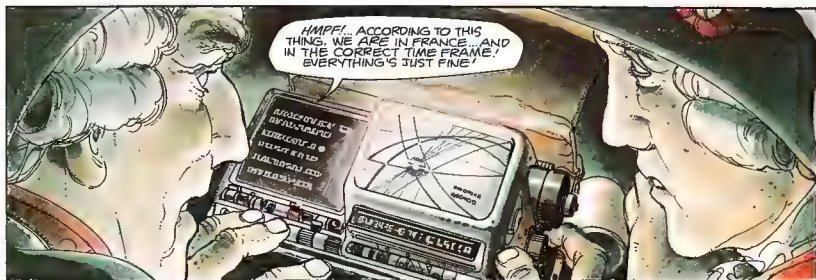
IF YOU HADN'T GONE
OUT PARTYING LAST
NIGHT... IF YOU'D JUST
STAYED IN THE BARRACKS
AND PREPARED FOR
TODAY, THIS WOULDN'T
HAVE HAPPENED.

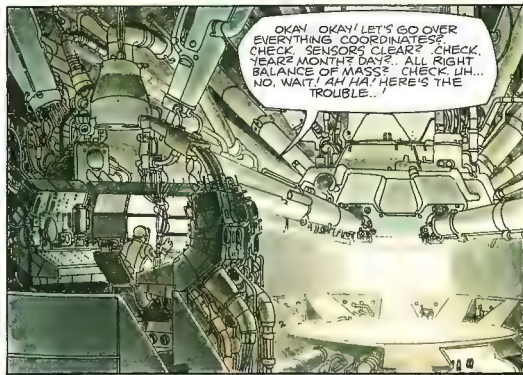
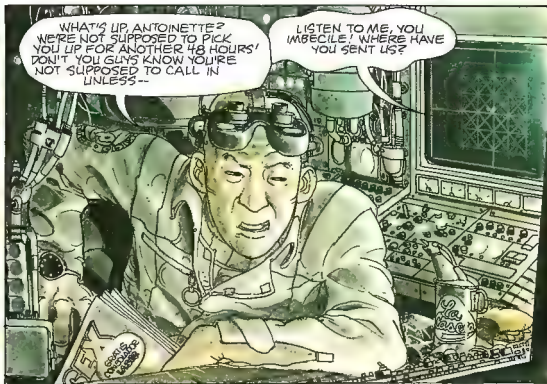
YOU'RE JUST
JEALOUS WHEN
WAS THE LAST
TIME YOU TIPPED
A FULL ONE OR
FOUNDED ONE
OF THE LOCAL
GIRLS?













ANTOINETTE...
WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO YOU?



OW! SOME-
THING JUST BIT
ME BELOW THE
NAVEL



DOESN'T SURPRISE ME...
LOOK HOW YOU'RE LYING
THERE... OPEN FOR ANY-
ONE

LOUIS... I'M
SERIOUS! ARE
YOU LISTENING
TO ME?

WHMM...?
WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
ON ABOUT?



WE REALLY MUST
RESOLVE THE PROB-
LEMS BETWEEN AUSTRIA
AND PRUSSIA!

MY DARLING,
MUST WE TALK
ABOUT IT NOW?
IT'S FIVE IN THE
MORNING! FORGET ABOUT
IT FOR NOW!



BUT... WHAT
ABOUT THE
RUMORS OF A
REVOLUTION?



LOUIS... ARE
YOU LISTENING
TO ME?

PRESENTING...TWO CUTE LITTLE EXTRATERRESTRIAL CREATURES TALKING ABOUT...

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



#1/APRIL '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronaut, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rock-blitz," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bodé, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," "The Long Tomorrow"; conclusion of "Sunpot."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Drulllet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts; more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9," "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat.

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," resumption of Drulllet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman."

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts and Drulllet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo.

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show.

#25/APRIL '79: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It's all-American (except for Drulllet's "Dancin'" and a Proust joke): 15 entries including Corben, Morrow, and the illustrated "Alien."

#27/JUNE '79: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79: Bodé's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes. Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Drulllet, Suydam

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kofod, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants."

#34/JANUARY '80: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuiten strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs.

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé — and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too?

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Stemm" saves the day. And it's the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth!

#40/JULY '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" continues; Axle learns truth about sidekick Musky. Bilal's "Progress!" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave."

#41/AUGUST '80: Drulllet returns with "Salammbô" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger.

#43/OCTOBER '80: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#44/NOVEMBER '80: Cover by Hajime Sorayama. Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal inside.

#45/DECEMBER '80: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#46/JANUARY '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#47/FEBRUARY '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#48/MARCH '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Premiers of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals' Fête!" Plus: Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview. Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax.

#52/JULY '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#53/AUGUST '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#55/OCTOBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronatan's "Egg of the World." Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully

#57/DECEMBER '81: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#58/JANUARY '82: Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Hé, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," all surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, and Steranko.

#59/FEBRUARY '82: The further adventures of John Difoel in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's "Gideon Faust" gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten.

#60/MARCH '82: 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealist look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 2" begins. Plus "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc.

#61/APRIL '82: 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of material. What with Claveloux, Drullit, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J. G. Ballard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: The 1st part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution." "The Art of De Es Schwertberger." Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey.

#63/JUNE '82: Fantastic Cities issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Scibelli, and R. Crumb, all surrounded by regulars: Drullit, Moebius, Schuiten, and Fernandez.

#64/JULY '82: Marcelle and Lacome's strange "Life at the Circus" and pages from Corben's *Flights into Fantasy*. Plus Jones, Garcia, and Drullit.

#65/AUGUST '82: Jones and Wrightson's "Freak Show" and Pisu and Manara's "The Ape." Plus the finale of "The Incal Light" by Moebius and Jodorowsky.

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: Hecht's "Music-Video Interface." Lupoff's "Barsom" and Hinge's "Object." Plus our regulars: Bilal, Fernandez, Kierkegaard.

#67/OCTOBER '82: You'll have Scary Dreams after reading our special horror section. Everything from Eddie Poe to the weirdest phobias possible. Don't read it alone! P.S.: Last part of Black's "Third Sexual Revolution."

#68/NOVEMBER '82: Part 1 of Kaluta's "Starstruck." Findley's "Tex Arcana" continues as does "Den II" and Drullit's "Yragael." Plus: a peek at Wrightson's *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*

#69/DECEMBER '82: A Will Stone Gallery, the return of Suydam's "Mudwog," and Mark Fisher's "Amino Men." Plus Corben, Fernan-

dez, and Kierkegaard.

#70/JANUARY '83: The strange conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak Show," a look at *The Dark Crystal*, and regulars Manara, Corben, Fernandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83: The making of *The Thin The Entity*, Kim Deitch's *Eating Raoul*, and regulars Corben, Kaluta, Crepax, etc.

#72/MARCH '83: We bid a fond farewell to Den and Kath, and a warm welcome to Bilal's "City that Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert Williams, plus Manara, Kaluta and more

#73/APRIL '83: Moebius's "The Twinkle in Fildegar's Eye," and Sauri's "The Odyssey," along with Kaluta, Crepax, and Workman

#75/JUNE '83: Corben's "Doomscult," the end of Crepax's "The Man from Harlem," and a peek at the 3-D science fiction thriller, *Spacehunter*.

#76/JULY '83: Liberatore's "Ranxerox," the end of Kaluta's "Starstruck" (for the time being), an interview with Dan O'Bannon and a glimpse at Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales*

#77/AUGUST '83: Arno and Jodorowsky's "The Small Earthworm" debuts. Giménez's "A Matter of Time" appears, and Captain Beefheart is interviewed, all behind a beautiful Greg Hildebrandt cover.

#78/SEPTEMBER '83: An exclusive interview with Francis Ford Coppola Plus a Gallery look at the art of Rowena Morrill and the conclusions of "Zora" and "The City that Didn't Exist."

#79/OCTOBER '83: Timothy Leary! Enki Bilal! Pepe Moreno! Walter Hill! Rocky and Bullwinkle?! A great issue!

#80/NOVEMBER '83: A spirited talk with Will Eisner, along with a Spirit story. Plus Crepax's "Valentina the Pirate." Enjoy.

#81/DECEMBER '83: Ranxerox bows out. Valentina comes on strong. Artist Liberatore is interviewed. Lots more!

#82/JANUARY '84: Part one of David Black's vampire memoirs. Plus "Ranxerox in New York," and a peek at Arthur Clarke's *The Sentinel*.

#83/FEBRUARY '84: Douglas Trumbull is interviewed. John Difoel returns. And David Black's *My Vampires* comes to an end.

#84/MARCH '84: Douglas Adams is interviewed. Angus McKie and Charles Burns return. Ranxerox ends his New York adventure

#85/APRIL '84: A long talk with Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in "Dossier" and Boris Vallejo on the cover

#86/MAY '84: "The Railways" begins. "Ranxerox" ends, and "The Third Incal" continues. Plus, two "June 2050's" for the price of one.

HEAVY METAL

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For just \$5.50 you get our old standby—a white vinyl binder with a picture of a naked girl and a ghoulish monster. Or, our new, more sophisticated black "Nauagahyde" binder with silver letters, for just \$5.95. Each can be obtained chock full o' back issues (January through December, of 1978, 1979, 1980, 1982, and 1983 are \$26.00 each), or empty, which doubles real nicely as a Sunday dress-up hat!



HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM 6-84
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	Price
_____	O'standy binder	\$5.50
_____	New sophisticated binder	\$5.95
_____	O'standy with issues (list each year you'd like)	\$26 plus \$3 postage and handling (\$5 Canadian and Foreign)
_____	New sophisticated with issues (list each year you'd like)	\$26 plus \$3 postage and handling (\$5 Canadian and Foreign)

I've enclosed a total of \$ _____

This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

Dear Sirs:

I am a reader/collector of your magazine, and have been since April 1977. I have every issue in plastic bags in a box within easy reach of my bed. (*I'm not going to ask why they're in plastic bags!*)—Is I've been wondering when or if I should stop buying it anymore, though, because the only things in it I really look forward to are Lou Stathis's music column and Drew Friedman's art. The best story you ever ran was "Polonius" and that was six years ago. And if that isn't bad enough, *twice* in the past six months you've given us MTV propaganda! Come on! MTV has fucked up rocked music the same way Hanna-Barbera fucked up Saturday morning cartoons! I can't help but think of the Bugeles every time I see a Culture Club video! And the crap they call heavy metal rock 'n' roll ain't nothing but a bunch of tenth-rate Hendrix imitators! How come we don't see Bauhaus, Cabaret Voltaire, New Order, or Throbbing Gristle videos on MTV? Gimme the Cramps instead of this fucking Journey shit I always hear on the radio—if I got a hold of their singer, I'd give him something to wail and moan about!

Nazi Dogfucker
Fort Worth, TX

Well, Mr. Dogfucker—mind if I call you Nazi for short?—I suspect that if MTV played any Throbbing Gristle videos, they'd lose most of their viewers (like to suicide). And I don't think MTV is to blame for bad music; clowns with rotten taste are. MTV represents the mainstream, which always sucks (with a few subversive exceptions). And if you think what we've said about MTV constitutes free advertising, I suggest you read the words again.—Is

Dear Heavies:

Your February 1984 issue was impressive—damn near perfect! John Findley is the best! His hatchwork shadows, his anatomical highlighting, his mood, his settings, his wit and storytelling ability, his macabre twists, his depth of observation and execution... He's the best! The Moebius and Jodorowsky was cryptically cartoonish in both script and execution. I think I liked Moebius better when he was more compulsive in his renderings, but it's always good to see him. And Chris Browne ("June 2050") in *HM*? And a good, old-fashioned gag? I love it! As to "Ranxerox"'s sadistic realism... perversion, violence, incredible rendering... I feel



like I should be offended, but it's somehow fascinating (was that a car crash I just heard?). Well, congratulations on a damn near perfect issue. What would a perfect issue be? Hell, if I knew that I'd be putting out my own magazine! Keep it up!

Mike Tuohey
Dearborn, MI

Dear *HM*:

I totally disagree with K. Mailer's letter in the February Chain Mail. One does not have to excel in the quality of another's work in order to be qualified to criticize it. If that were the accepted way of thinking a lot of people would be out of work. Besides, Kierkegaard is rubbish.

Bruce Siart
Fitchburg, MA

Dear *HM*:

Just wanted to tell you how much I enjoy *HM*. Mind you, I'm not wild about *all* of it, but I figure what I don't go for, somebody else does, right? Anyhow, I love "Tex Arcana." Crazy about it. The artwork blows my mind, and the imagination and humor—well, I've been saving each episode and putting it in a binder. Please tell John Findley he has a rabid fan in Van Wert, Ohio. This will no doubt impress him mightily. (*You bet. The poor guy is speechless.*)—Is

Kay Sluterbeck
Van Wert, OH

Dear *HM*:

Believe it or not, I actually get a kick out of reading Chain Mail. I mean, where else can you sample the sick and distorted minds of *Heavy Metal* readers? (*Try the walls of bus station men's rooms.*)—Is I was especially interested in the manic ravings of Mr. Anonymous from Mexico in the February 1984 issue. You remember, the guy who suggested that you all be thrown in jail (not such a bad idea, now that I think about it). Anyway, I thought he was very astute in pointing out *HM*'s connection with the ideas of futurism. Indeed, *HM* does seem to be obsessed with the glorification of speed (both kinds), machines, technology, and war (*You forgot tits.*)—Is, the main passions of the long-dead futurist movement. Could it be that *HM* is the new wave rebirth of futurism? Could Lou Stathis be the Marinetti of the 1980's? Humm? *HM*!

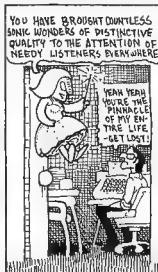
Yung Lee
Scarsdale, NY

To all at *HM*:

I'll be brief... after six and a half years of watching *HM* evolve, I have had quite enough of the critics who frequent Chain Mail. Especially those who wouldn't know an abrubst from a tray of fingerprints! Hermann Nitsch from Hunter Thompson! (*Or Marinetti from Mario Andreth!*)—Is Most of these guys sound as if they were raised in a vacuum; maybe still rolling joints in the parking lot during sixth period Economics—because, surely they would have learned that basic concept of free enterprise. "MONEY TALKS, BULLSHIT WALKS." Thank you for the only bright spot on the monthly literary market.

Daniel Sinclair
Charleston, WV

ADVENTURES IN EDITING WITH LOU



El BORBAH

Living
IN THE
ICE-AGE

STORY SO FAR: EL BORBAH
DISCOVERS THAT SAM SKANK,
WHO WAS BELIEVED TO BE
DEAD AND FROZEN IN A
CRYONICS LAB, IS INDEED
ALIVE WITH HIS HEAD
ATTACHED TO A TINY NEW
BODY. ARRIVING AT JANET
SKANK'S HOUSE TO TELL HER
THE NEWS, EL BORBAH FINDS
A HEADLESS CLIENT AND HER
WHIMPERING BOYFRIEND...

CHRIST ALMIGHTY!
I THOUGHT I HAD THIS CASE
SEWN UP... THAT HEADLESS
GIRLFRIEND OF YOURS DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE SHE'S IN ANY CONDITION
TO PAY MY FEE...



©1993 C. BURNS

NOW BEFORE I SPLIT,
I WANT YOU TO LISTEN UP, YOU
POINTY HEADED GEEK! I DON'T
LIKE GETTING STIFFED, SO I'M
ON THIS CASE UNTIL
I GET PAID!



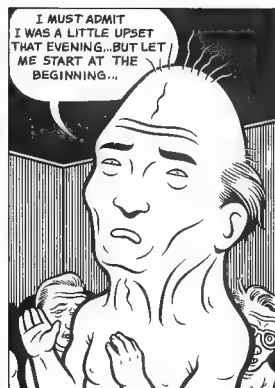
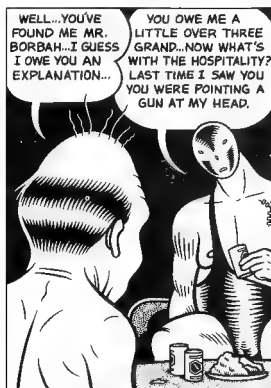
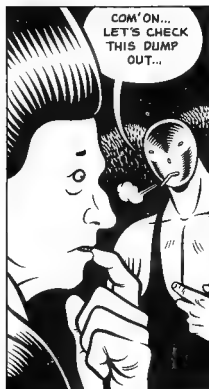
IF YOU SEE, HEAR,
OR REMEMBER ANYTHING
ABOUT JANET SKANK OR
THE GUYS WHO CHILLED HER,
YOU COME TO ME!



THE NAME IS
EL BORBAH... IF I FIND
YOU'RE HOLDING OUT ON
ME, I'LL FEED YOU
YOUR FACE!







CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD
FEEL LIKE TO BE BROUGHT BACK TO
LIFE AND FIND YOURSELF WITH THE
BODY OF A CHILD?

ONCE I REALIZED I WAS REALLY ALIVE WITH A
HEALTHY NEW BODY, I WAS DELIRIOUS WITH JOY!

THE SNOWBOY CRYONICS INSTITUTE WANTED TO
KEEP THEIR DISCOVERY A SECRET, BUT I HAD
NO INTENTION OF BEING HELD A PRISONER...



AFTER OUR ESCAPE FROM SNOWBOY CRONICS I REALIZED WHAT A UNIQUE SITUATION I WAS IN...REBORN AFTER WELL OVER A YEAR OF FROZEN DEATH, WITH THE OPPORTUNITY TO FIND OUT HOW LIFE HAD GONE ON WITHOUT ME...

I WANTED TO SEE HOW MY LOVELY WIFE JANET WAS LIVING WITH THE SORROW OF MY DEATH.

I WATCHED IN HORROR AS THE WOMAN I LOVED SHAMELESSLY THREW HERSELF AT MEN OF EVERY DESCRIPTION...



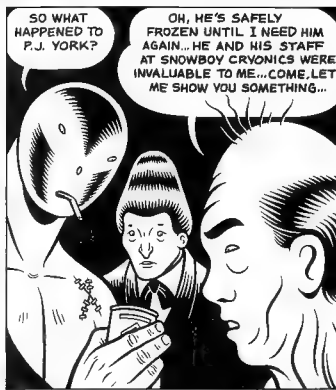
MY ILLUSIONS WERE SHATTERED! IF JANET WASN'T FAITHFUL TO MY MEMORY, SHE WAS GOING TO PAY THE PRICE!

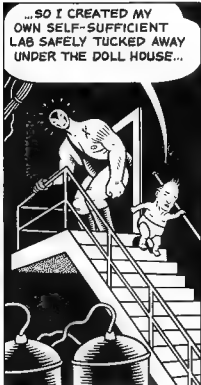
WITH THE HELP OF A FEW OF MY FRIENDS, WE SUBDUED JANET AND PREPARED HER FOR DECAPITATION.



WHILE I WAS ATTENDING TO MY WIFE, I HAD SEVERAL MEN TAILING P.J. YORK...

LATER THAT EVENING IT WAS SIMPLE ENOUGH TO, UH...PERSUADE HIM TO COME WITH ME...







THE METAL BOOKSHELF

ULYSSES

Cover price—\$6.95
Special now—\$3.50!

Art and text by Lob and Pichard. The brave Ulysses pits his strength against gods and goddesses as he travels across the universe.

CONQUERING ARMIES

Cover price—\$4.95
Special now—\$2.50!

The dream epic of fierce horsemen who never lost a battle and never won a war, by French artist Lob, written by Jean-Pierre Dionnet.

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Cover price—\$8.95
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Theodore Sturgeon's sf classic, now in bold graphic style, deals with the formation of a superhuman by the synthesis of six different and complex personalities.

ALIEN: THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

Cover price—\$3.95
Special now—\$1.95!

By Walter Simonson and Archie Goodwin. Based on the Twentieth Century-Fox hit, the crew of the *Nostromo* grapples with a terrifying life force they can't leash or comprehend—the Alien!

BARBARELLA THE MOON CHILD

Cover price—\$6.95
Special now—\$2.95!

The first feminine fantasy figure returns to challenge the universe. Drawn by originator Jean-Claude Forest, the book also includes action stills from the film *Barbarella* starring Jane Fonda.

MOEBIUS

Cover price—\$2.95
Special now—\$1.95!

Introduction by Federico Fellini. The career of Europe's premiere illustrator is examined; everything from "The Black Incal" to movie posters to his summer vacation to soft porn. The compendium of his work to date.

LONE SLOANE — DELIRIUS

Cover price—\$8.95
Special now—\$4.95!

The lush painting of Philippe Drulillet, with text by Lob and lettering by Dominique Amat. Lone Sloane's adventures through time and space and the fantastic world of Delirius are presented for the first time in English, in full color.

THE BEST OF HEAVY METAL

Cover price—\$2.95
Special now—\$1.95!

Thirteen extraordinary stories from the international masters of graphic fantasy. Moebius, Drulillet, Caza, Claveloux, and McKie covart with Americans Cowben and Suydam.

Heavy Metal, Dept. 684, 635 Madison Avenue, NYC, NY 10022

Please send me the *Heavy Metal* books as indicated below. I have enclosed a check or money order payable to *Heavy Metal* books. I have included 75¢ for postage and handling of each book.

Ulysses _____ copies at \$3.50 each
Conquering Armies _____ copies at \$2.50 each
More Than Human _____ copies at \$3.95 each
Alien: The Illustrated Story _____ copies at \$1.95 each

Barbarella the Moon Child _____ copies at \$2.95 each
Moebius _____ copies at \$1.95 each
Lone Sloane-Delirius _____ copies at \$4.95 each
The Best of Heavy Metal _____ copies at \$1.95 each

Total amount enclosed: \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.)

THE RAILWAYS

BY FRANÇOIS SCHUITEN AND CLAUDE RENARD



WILLIAM DAVIS

A TRANSMITTING BREAKDOWN, FOLLOWED BY THE IMMOBILIZATION OF DAVIS'S MACHINE, ADDED UP TO VERY UNFORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCES. HIS CAR-HIS INCREDIBLE MACHINE-HAD FAILED HIM. HE WAS CONCERNED ABOUT KELLY AND THEIR KIDS. IF HE DIED IN THE WILDERNESS, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THEM? HE DECIDED HE WOULD TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHY THE CAR HAD STOPPED. THEN MAYBE...JUST MAYBE...HE COULD REPROGRAM IT AND MANAGE TO GET HOME.



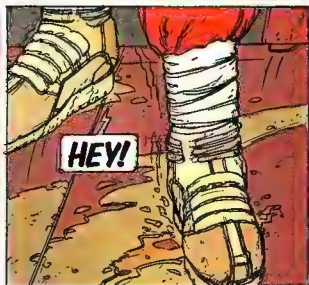


GOOD GOD, IT'S
BURNED OUT. THE
SMOKE IS EVERY-
WHERE!



WHERE THE HELL AM
I? THERE ISN'T EVEN
A TREE AROUND HERE.
TERRIFIC! JUST TERRI-
FIC!

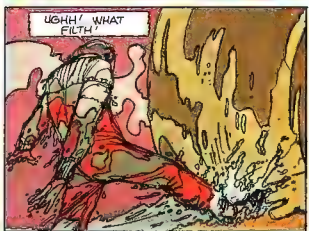
I'M IN A REAL
FINE MESS!



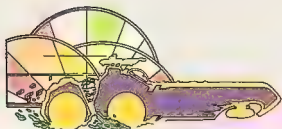
HEY!



NOOO!

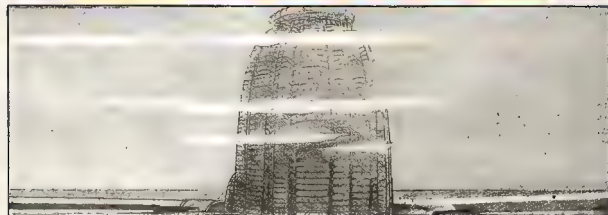


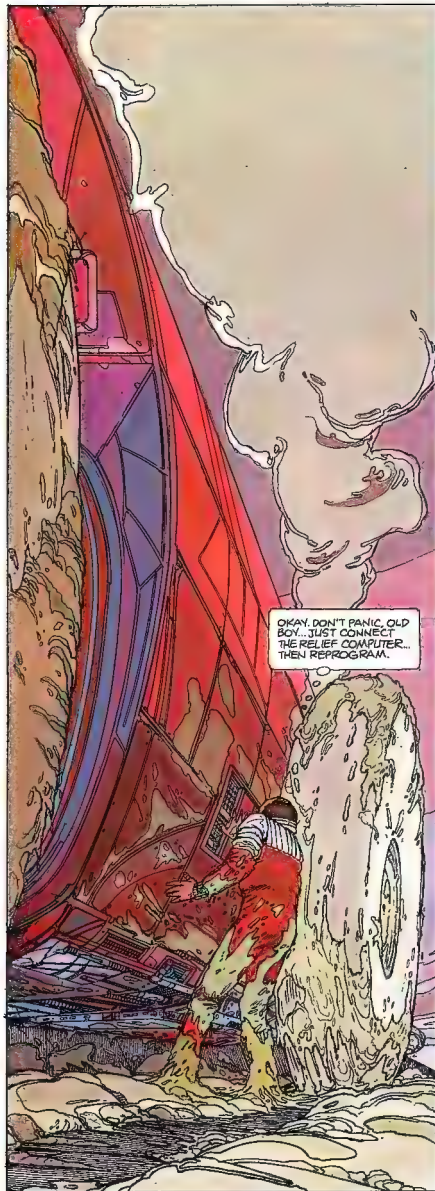
UGH! WHAT
FILTH



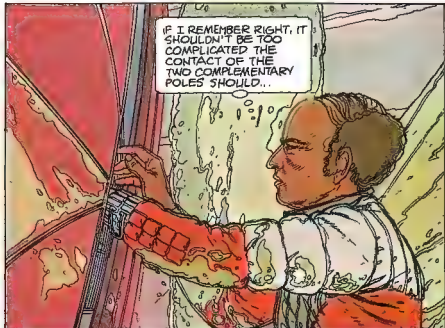
THE BREAKDOWN

WILLIAM DAVIS KNEW NOTHING ABOUT THE PARTICULAR ZONE HE WAS IN. HE HAD NEVER SEEN SUCH DESOLATION. IT WAS A UNIVERSE OF MUD, A NO-MAN'S-LAND... MOURNFUL AND LIFELESS. WHERE NOTHING DISTURBED THE HORIZON. THE ACRID ODOR FROM HIS BURNING MACHINE MIXED WITH THE MUSTY SMELL OF HAZY AIR AND STAGNANT WATER AND MADE DAVIS FEEL ALMOST GIDDY. HE FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO CONCENTRATE.

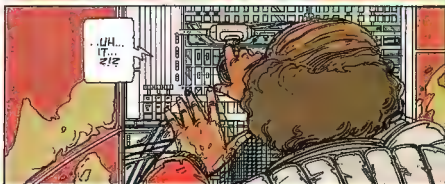




OKAY, DON'T PANIC, OLD BOY... JUST CONNECT THE RELIEF COMPUTER... THEN REPROGRAM.



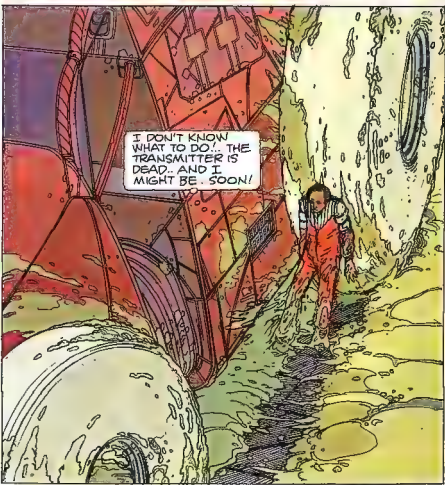
IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO COMPLICATED THE CONTACT OF THE TWO COMPLEMENTARY POLES SHOULD...



UH... IT'S...



NOTHING! THEY CANCEL OUT ONE ANOTHER! I CAN'T OPERATE THE RELIEF COMPUTER AT ALL!

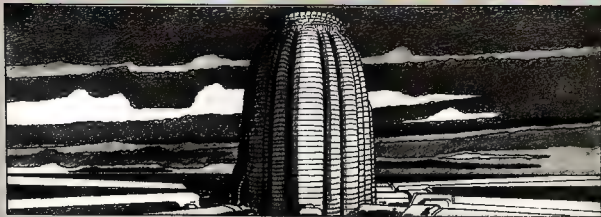


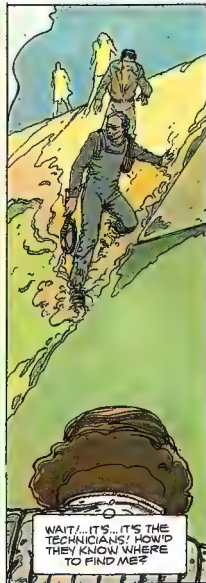
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO... THE TRANSMITTER IS DEAD... AND I MIGHT BE... SOON!

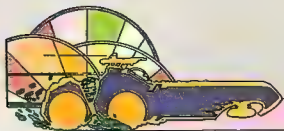


THE BREAKDOWN

WHY HADN'T THE TESTS ON THE CAR FORESEEN SUCH A PREDICAMENT? WILLIAM DAVIS RAGED BUT, IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING, KEPT ALL HOPE. EVEN IF HE COULDN'T START HIS CAR, THERE WAS REALLY NOTHING TO GET WORRIED ABOUT. THE CITY WOULD SEND A TEAM OF TECHNICIANS TO THE SPOT. THE TECHNICIANS WOULD HELP DAVIS WITH HIS PROBLEM...AND THAT HELP WOULD CERTAINLY NOT BE LONG IN COMING.

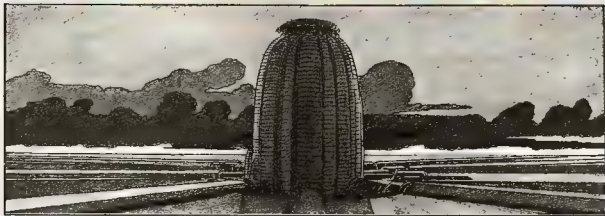


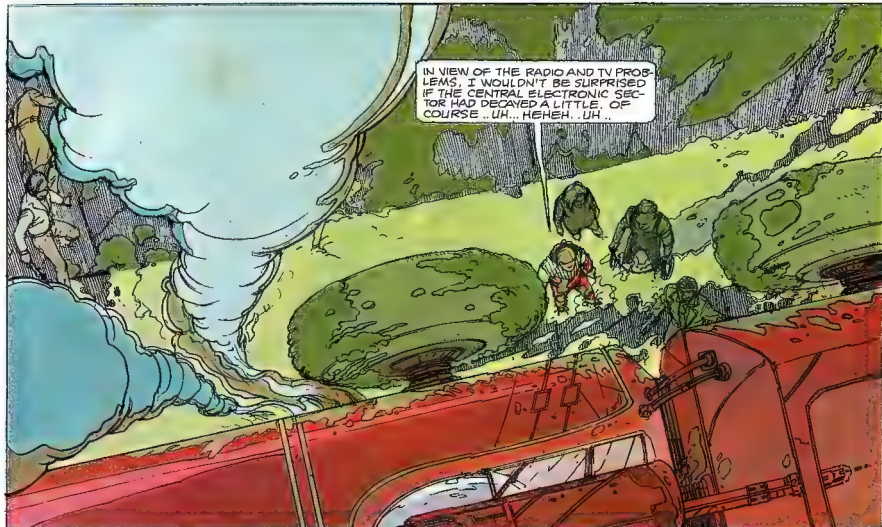




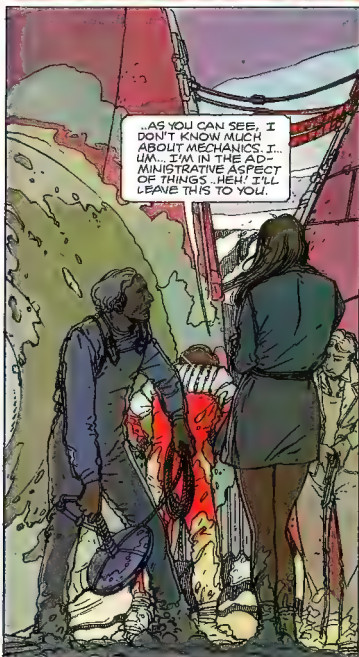
THE BREAKDOWN

ALTHOUGH WILLIAM DAVIS WAS EXTREMELY GLAD TO SEE THE TECHNICIANS, HE WAS ALSO A BIT CONFUSED... ABOUT HOW THEY HAD FOUND HIM SO QUICKLY... AND ABOUT THEIR STRANGE UNIFORMS. THEY CERTAINLY WEREN'T THE TYPE OF OUTRITS THAT THE TECHNICIANS WORE BACK IN NUCLEUS CITY. INDEED, IN LOOKING AROUND AT THE QUIET, SERIOUS PEOPLE, DAVIS GOT THE FEELING THAT THEY BELONGED IN ANOTHER ERA.

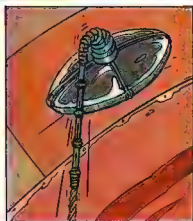
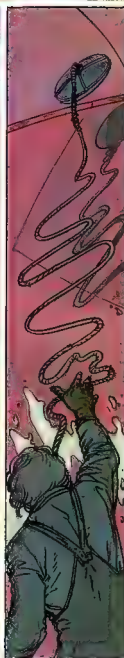




IN VIEW OF THE RADIO AND TV PROBLEMS, I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THE CENTRAL ELECTRONIC SECTOR HAD DECAYED A LITTLE. OF COURSE... UH... HEHEH... UH...



AS YOU CAN SEE, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT MECHANICS. I... UH... I'M IN THE ADMINISTRATIVE ASPECT OF THINGS. HEH! I'LL LEAVE THIS TO YOU.



I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP AND I PROMISE THAT AS SOON AS I RETURN TO THE CITY, I—

HUH?

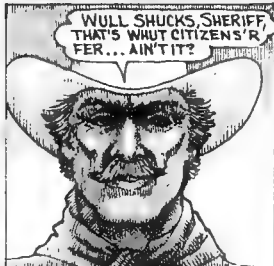
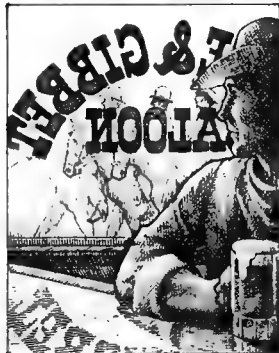
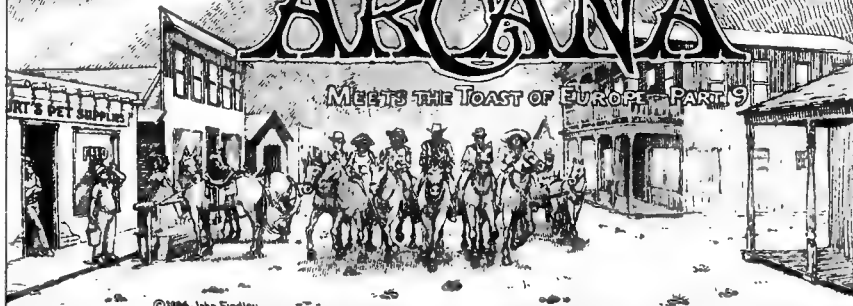
TO BE CONTINUED...



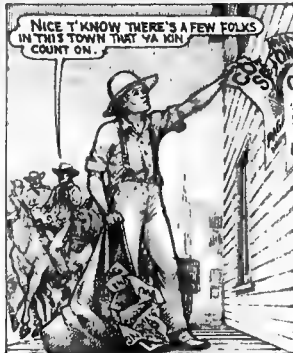
HELLO, EVERYONE! WELCOME, ONCE AGAIN, TO THE GRISLY, GHOUL-HAUNTED GLORY DAYS OF THE OLD WEST; THE WEST YOU WON'T FIND IN SCHOLARLY JOURNALS - OR EVEN IN TIME-LIFE BOOKS. IT IS GETTING ON TOWARDS NOON IN THE TOWN OF **HANGMAN'S CORNERS** AND THE SHERIFF IS PRETTY MUCH RESIGNED TO THE NOTION THAT HIS SEARCH PARTY IS DESTINED TO BE A PITIFULLY SMALL AND MOTLEY ONE. LET'S RIDE ALONG AND SEE IF WE CAN GAIN SOME INSIGHT INTO THE MIND AND MANNERS OF THIS BYGONE WORLD OF...

TEX ARCADE

MEETS THE TOAST OF EUROPE - PART 9

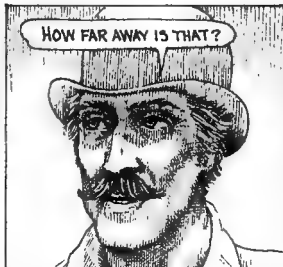


JED: ROCK-SOLID, DEPENDABLE, FEARLESS AS ONLY A MAN TOTALLY DEVOID OF IMAGINATION CAN BE; AND UNIQUE, IN THAT HE WAS ONCE, BRIEFLY, A LIZARD.

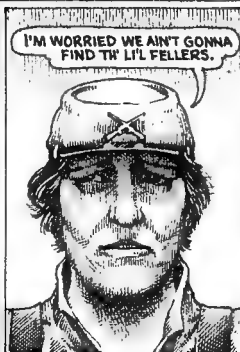




TED: A MAN WHO HAS SEEN THINGS FEW OTHERS HAVE AND UNDERSTOOD NONE OF IT.



GID: NEWCOMER FROM PHILADELPHIA WHO RECENTLY ACQUIRED THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER AND WHO NOW SEES HIMSELF POSED, TREMBLING, ON THE BRINK OF "FAME AND FORTUNE."



ROGER: THE CHICKEN FARMER WHO LIVES EVERY DAY OF HIS LIFE WITH A MIRACLE.

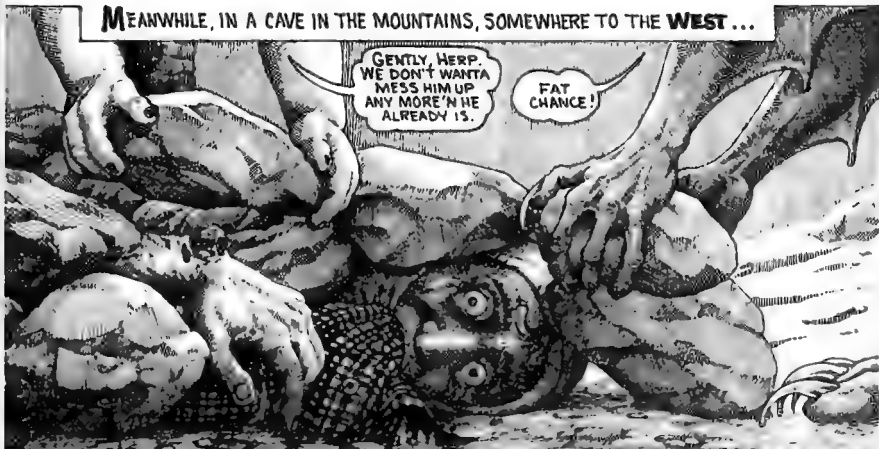


L'PORCQUE: THE UNLIKELY CUSTODIAN OF AN ODD, AND SOMEWHAT TERRIFYING, SECRET.



JOAQUIN: HE CANNOT REMEMBER THE FIRST PESO HE STOLE (WHO COULD?), THE FIRST MAN HE KILLED, OR THE REASON HE VOLUNTEERED FOR THE SEARCH PARTY.

MEANWHILE, IN A CAVE IN THE MOUNTAINS, SOMEWHERE TO THE WEST...



GENTLY, HERP.
WE DON'T WANTA
MESS HIM UP
ANY MORE 'N HE
ALREADY IS.

FAT
CHANCE!



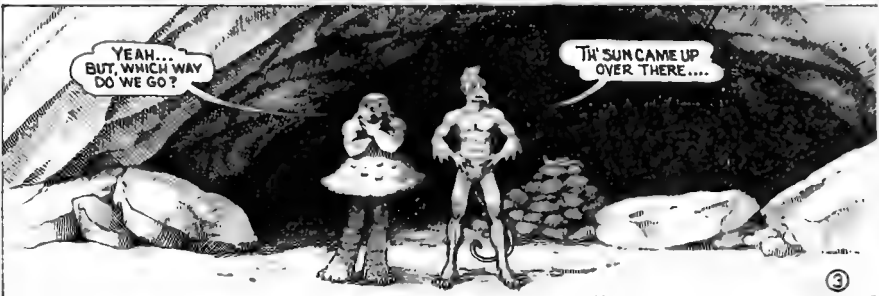
JUST GOTTA KEEP
THE ANIMALS OFF HIM
'TIL WE CAN FIND SOMEBODY
T' COME AND INVESTIGATE.



THIS PIECE OF PAPER ...
THERE! THAT OUGHTA DO IT



A'RIGHT, SWEAZ ...!
NO LIE, I'M READY T' LIKE.
BLOW THIS PUKE-HOLE
AND HIT THE TRAIL!



YEAH...
BUT, WHICH WAY
DO WE GO?

TH' SUN CAME UP
OVER THERE...

SO, THEN, WEST IS **THAT** WAY.
THAT'S THE DIRECTION WE NEED TO GO IN.

YEAH, RIGHT. THE DIRECTION
WITH THE MOUNTAIN IN FRONT OF IT.
FIGGERS!

THERE'RE MOUNTAINS
ALL AROUND US.

THIS WAY LOOKS
SHORTER

A ROAD!

A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER...

I GOT THIS
INCREDIBLE SENSE
OF DEJA VU.

I KNOW WHAT
YA MEAN.

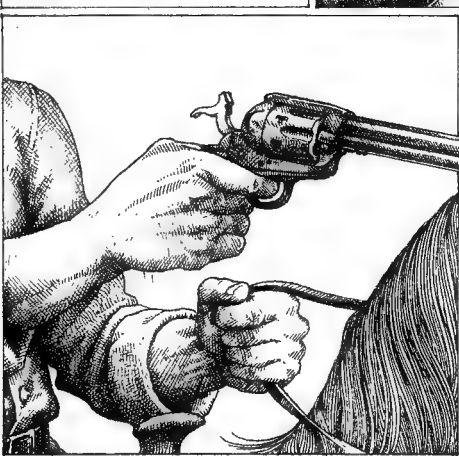
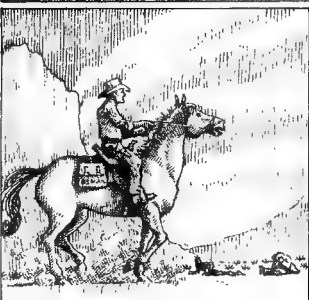
I THINK I LIKED IT BETTER
IN THE MOUNTAINS.
AT LEAST THERE WAS
A BREEZE.

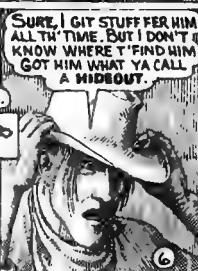
I MISS HAVIN'
TH' MENBOY'S HORSE.

HOLD IT!
I THINK I HEAR A...

... I THINK
YOU'RE RIGHT!

CLOTTLE UP!
CLOTTLE UP!
CLOTTLE UP!







NOW, UH...
I DON'T WANTA
APPEAR STUPID
OR ANYTHING,
BUT...



...IF YA DON'T KNOW
WHERE HE LIVES,
HOW DO YA DELIVER
HIS MAIL?



WELL, I JUS'
GIVE IT T' TH'
OL' INJUN BROTHERS
AN' THEY TAKE IT
T' HIM.



A'R-I-GHT!! Th' O.I.B.!
NOW WE'RE GETTIN' SOMEWHERE!
SO, OKAY...LIKE, WHO ARE THEY
AND WHERE DO WE FIND 'EM?



Y' SEE THAT THERE ROCK ALL BY ITSELF
OVER YONDER?
WELL, THEY GOT 'EM A 'DOBE HUT
RIGHT THERE....

YA CAIN'T MISS IT, ONLY....

ONLY, WHAT?



ONLY, YA MIGHT NOT
BE ABLE T' FIND OUT
ANYTHIN' FROM 'EM...
'LESS'N YER JUS'
PLAIN LUCKY.

MEANIN' WHAT?



SEE...ONE OF 'EM
DON'T DO NUTHIN'
BUT LIE,
AN' ONE OF 'EM DON'T
DO NUTHIN' BUT TELL
THE TRUTH.



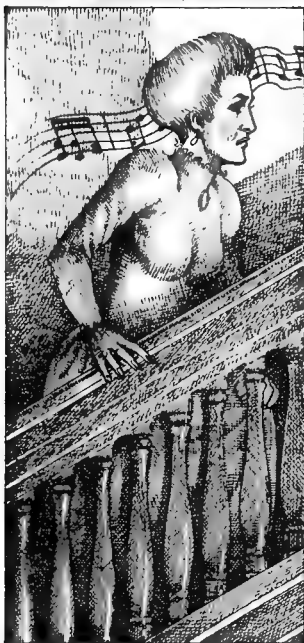
HMP! THAT'S WEIRD,
I MUST SAY!

WHICH
DOES
WHICH
?



CAIN'T SAY.
I GOT A SUSPICION
THEY SWITCH
EV'RY COUPLA DAYS.

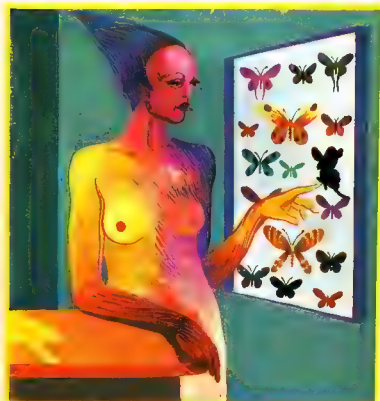
BACK IN HANGMAN'S CORNERS, THINGS HAVE CALMED DOWN,
SOMEWHAT, AT THE WIDOW BURNS'S BOARDING HOUSE...
BUT NOT FOR LONG.



TO BE CONTINUED.

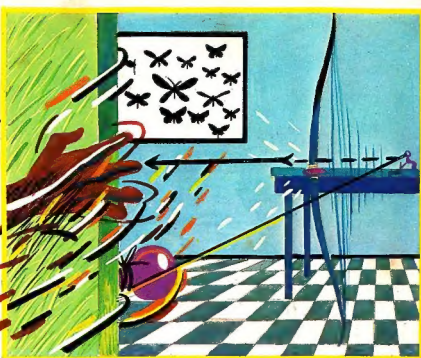
Butterfly

by Herikberto









BRING HEAVY METAL HOME WITH YOU



Photo: John Deane Kitch

Andrew B. needed some **magic** in his life. Something **unexpected**, even **supernatural**. He walked the streets until he wore holes in his socks. He hit the music clubs. He went to the movies. He read books. He played video games. But he needed something more.

One day he visited his local newsstand and picked up a copy of **Heavy Metal**, the adult illustrated fantasy magazine. He went home, opened a beer, and lay back to read. Before he could say, "Wow, the greatest American and European artists collected in one monthly issue! And the **Dossier** section, with the latest updates on **pop culture**! Plus interviews with **Tim Leary**, **Francis Coppola**, and others!", an incredibly lovely Amazon goddess appeared at the foot of his couch! What happened **afterwards** would be an invasion of Andrew B.'s privacy, but use your **imagination**

As you can see, Andrew B.'s life has changed for the better. Would anyone believe him if they knew what happened? Why don't **you** bring **Heavy Metal** home with you? Who knows? Something **magical** and **exciting** and **interesting** and **beautiful** could happen to you!

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